



THE TWO MASTERS BY JOHN DORNEY

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY

Time Lord.

THE DECAYED MASTER: GEOFFREY BEEVERS

Renegade Time Lord.

THE NEW MASTER: ALEX MACQUEEN

The same renegade Time Lord. With a different face.

JEMIMA/ALARM (F):

Human girl, twenties. Cabin boy in a space pirate's ship. Brave, plucky, companion material./ Gorlan Alarm Voice.

BLORE/BARON JARVILL (M):

A Rocket Man - evil human Space Pirate, rough, violent, ready for a fight./ Gorlan Emperor claimant - silicon based alien, voice distort, decadent, unpleasant.

TAZMEENA/BAUZA/MUM (F):

A Rocket Woman - evil Space Pirate First Officer./ Gorlan Lieutenant - silicon based alien, voice distort. Loyal, straightforward military./ Human mother.

SEBASTIAN/GORLAN 2:

An Evil Human Leader of a Death Cult./Silicon based alien.

SALRON/GORLAN/TIME LORD:

An Evil Alien Member of a Time Lord Death Cult./Silicon based alien./Time Lord Officer on Terserus.

ALSO: ROCKET MEN X 3/CULTISTS/TANNOYS [ROCKET MEN ARE ALL BROADLY HUMAN, THE CULTISTS CAN BE OF ANY RACE WHATSOEVER].

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PART ONE

(PRE-TITLES)

1. INT. CLOISTERS

(A DOOR CLANGS OPEN. AN ALIEN CULTIST - SALRON - APPROACHES FORTY OR FIFTY CULTISTS, FEET ECHOING ON A STONE FLAGGED FLOOR. THE CULT CONTAINS MULTIPLE SPECIES. HE HALTS BEFORE THE HUMAN LEADER, SEBASTIAN)

SEBASTIAN:
Brother Salron.

SALRON:
Father Sebastian. My brethren.

CULTISTS:
Welcome Brother Salron.

SEBASTIAN:
You were not followed?

SALRON:
I took all the requisite precautions.

SEBASTIAN:
Then you are welcome. You bring news?

SALRON:
Yes, Father. I have come straight from the facility. The Cage is prepared.

SEBASTIAN:
Excellent. With the Cage complete our plans have almost reached fruition. All we need now is the biological data and the catalyst. Soon the Heretic's wisdom will be proved true, my children. Soon! The Heretic be praised!

CULTISTS:
The Heretic be praised!

NEW MASTER:
(APPROACHING) Oh, gosh, yes, yes, the Heretic be praised. The Heretic be worshipped. Good old 'The Heretic'.

(SILENCE)

Sorry, is this a private party or can anyone join in?

SALRON:
Who are you to defile our sanctuary?

SEBASTIAN:

I thought you said you were not followed, Salron!

SALRON:

I swear I was not.

NEW MASTER:

Demonstrably you were, old bean. Are you in charge here?

SEBASTIAN:

I am.

NEW MASTER:

Don't be too harsh on the boy, he's awfully young, whatever he is, and I'm very good at this sort of thing..

SEBASTIAN:

Identify yourself or die! Who are you?

NEW MASTER:

Who am I? Why, I'm everything you're after. I'm your salvation. I know who you are, you see. I know who you are and I know what you want. I can help you. I can make it happen.

SEBASTIAN:

You?

NEW MASTER:

Me. I... am the Master. And you... know the rest.

(OPENING THEME)

2. INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR

(THE DOCTOR WALKS ALONG. SUDDENLY, THE SHIP LURCHES. THE DOCTOR STOPS)

DOCTOR:

(TROUBLED) Eh?

(THE SHIP SHUDDERS AGAIN. BEAT. AN ALARM PEALS IN THE DISTANT CONSOLE ROOM)

Oh.

(THE CLOISTER BELL TOLLS DEEP WITHIN THE SHIP)

Ah.

(HE HURRIES OFF FOR THE CONSOLE ROOM)

3. INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS. ALARMS FLARE, SCREENS BEEP. EVERYTHING IS RUNNING WILD)

DOCTOR:

Well, that's not good.

(HE OPERATES CONTROLS. MORE BEEPS AND FLARES. THE SHIP SHUDDERS MORE)

Definitely not good.

(HE TWISTS THE CONTROLS, ENTERS DIGITS)

What is it? Tell me? How can I help you if you won't show me what's happening?

(THE MADNESS SOFTENS A LITTLE. A DISPLAY POPS UP)

(EVEN MORE TROUBLED THAN BEFORE) No. No, that's not possible.

(HE SLAMS THE CONTROLS)

4. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP HOLD

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES IN THE SHIP. SILENCE)

5. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP BRIDGE

(A BRIDGE. COMPUTER BANKS TICK OVER. A CONTROL PANEL BEEPS AS BLORE, TAZMEENA AND THREE OTHER ROCKET MEN ENTER)

BLORE:

Grain? Blasted grain?

TAZMEENA:

The ship manifests said verilium.

BLORE:

Then you must have read them wrong. What did they say, exactly?

TAZMEENA:

They said... I can't remember.

BLORE:

Course you can't. Alright lads, we've wasted enough time, get to your stations.

(THE OTHERS MOVE OFF TO CONTROL STATIONS AT THE SIDES AND START OPERATING CONTROLS)

TAZMEENA:

We can still flog it.

BLORE:

Won't get much. Not enough to cover our costs.

(HE SITS IN THE COMMAND CHAIR - CENTRAL, SWIVELS - AS ENGINES START BUILDING UP POWER. HE OPERATES A TANNOY CONTROL. HIS VOICE ECHOES OUTWARD THROUGH THE SHIP)

All crew not on the command deck, return to your cabins. Launch initiated. We're getting out of here.

(HE RELEASES THE CONTROL)

Their captain had never heard of us, you know. Never heard of the Rocket Men. Back in the day that name terrified everyone. You see the Rocket Men, you die. Now? We're a joke. Skulking around the universe in whatever ships we can nick. Trying to flog grain. We're a laughing stock. And we deserve to be.

TAZMEENA:

Yeah, but... twenty dead. A gutted ship. That'll scare people. Should have left one alive, really. Spread the word.

BLORE:

Yeah, maybe. But I got angry. You see the way they was looking at me? - Let's get out of here. (CALLS OUT) Back to base.

(THE ENGINES ROAR AND THE SHIP BLASTS AWAY. PAUSE)

TAZMEENA:

What happened to the Rocket Men, Cap? I know we was the terror of the space lanes, but... something must have stopped that. Mustn't it?

BLORE:

You don't remember?

TAZMEENA:

No.

BLORE:

(ANNOYED) You didn't even bother to keep it in your mind a few years? That's the trouble with you, Tazmeena, no respect. It was - (HE STOPS HIMSELF) It was... (TRAILS OFF) Hey, that's funny. I can't remember either.

(IN THE SILENCE, THE BEEPING CONTROL PANEL IS MORE NOTICEABLE)

Tazmeena?

TAZMEENA:

Cap?

BLORE:

What's that beeping?

TAZMEENA:

What beeping?

BLORE:

That beeping, listen.

(THEY LISTEN)

TAZMEENA:

It's that monitor over there.

BLORE:

I can see that! What's it mean?

TAZMEENA:

I dunno, it's never beeped before...

BLORE:

Then get the manual.

(TAZMEENA OPENS A DRAWER, PULLS OUT AND RIFLES THROUGH A MANUAL)

Well?

TAZMEENA:

It means... 'the weight ratios in the aft-hold have increased', apparently.

BLORE:

The what? It's cargo, cargo doesn't spontaneously generate mass. Does it? What we got in there?

TAZMEENA:

Nothing valuable.

BLORE:

Tell me about it.

TAZMEENA:

Nothing that'd do that..

BLORE:

Raiders, maybe? You think it might be raiders?

TAZMEENA:

No, they couldn't have got in. Any hull breach, we'd have known, we'd have registered the drop in pressure.

BLORE:

Not raiders, then. Something's dodgy going on down there. I don't like it.

TAZMEENA:

Should we send the... 'cabin-boy'?

BLORE:

Yeah. Yeah, good plan.

(HE OPERATES A COMMUNICATIONS PANEL)

Jim-lad! Jim-lad, you there?

(AFTER A MOMENT, JEMIMA ANSWERS)

JEMIMA:

Jemima. My name is Jemima. How many times do I have to tell you?

BLORE:

Yeah, but calling you that don't annoy ya. We're having a little difficulty in the hold, Jim-lad. Want to go check it out?

6. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP HOLD

(SOME WAY OFF, THE DOCTOR WANDERS AROUND THE TARDIS WITH A BEEPING HAND-HELD DEVICE. JEMIMA APPROACHES SNEAKILY THROUGH THE HOLD IN THE FOREGROUND)

DOCTOR:

Oh, no, no, no. No, that's no good at all...

BLORE:

(THROUGH AN EARPIECE) Found anything?

JEMIMA:

(QUIETLY, INTO A COMMUNICATOR) There's a man. An odd man...

BLORE:

(DISTORT) A man? How'd he get in?

JEMIMA:

How should I know? He's by this... blue box. Have we got a blue box?

BLORE:

(DISTORT) No, we - (STOPS HIMSELF) A blue box? Why's that worrying me?

JEMIMA:

He's operating a handheld device. I'll try to get a better -

(SHE MOVES FORWARD AND KNOCKS SOMETHING OVER WITH A CLATTER)

Ah.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT) Hello?

BLORE:

(DISTORT) What's the matter?

JEMIMA:

(SOTTO) I think I've been spotted.

DOCTOR:

You can join me, if you'd like. I won't bite.

JEMIMA:

(SOTTO) Definitely been spotted. He seems to want to talk...

(BEAT)

BLORE:

(DISTORT) Hold him there. We'll be down. Out.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING OUT, URGENTLY) I can only apologise if my landing's caused you difficulties. But I need to collect some data. I'll get that, then I'll leave. Please. It's essential.

(JEMIMA MARCHES OUT, CHARGING UP A LASER PISTOL)

JEMIMA:

Hands in the air.

DOCTOR:

Do we have to do this? We don't have much time.

JEMIMA:

In the air! Now!

DOCTOR:

(SIGHS) If you insist.

(HE RAISES HIS HANDS, LIFTING THE BEEPING DEVICE)

JEMIMA:

This ship belongs to the Rocket Men!

DOCTOR:

To the - Ah.

JEMIMA:

You've heard of us?

DOCTOR:

I'm - acquainted with you, yes. And if that's the case, I'll need you to help me. Let me go. I can't stay.

JEMIMA:

I'm not doing that.

DOCTOR:

You must! This place, this time. It all ceases to exist in approximately thirty minutes.

JEMIMA:

What? There a bomb in here? Are you threatening me?

DOCTOR:

No, I'm simply telling you the facts. That's why I had to land. Listen. I'm a time-traveller.

JEMIMA:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

My ship, this box. It's called a TARDIS. It detected an anomaly in space-time. The section of history I was about to pass through, the section thirty minutes from now, simply wasn't there any more. The future, your future, wasn't present. A huge chunk of reality. Wiped from existence. If I hadn't performed an emergency materialisation, I'd have been erased too.

JEMIMA:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

That makes two of us. But I might be able to. Understand. Eventually. With a little investigation. If you let me go.

JEMIMA:

This is ridiculous. How can the future be missing? It doesn't exist yet.

DOCTOR:

Oh, have an open mind! The past isn't happening right now either, but it happened once, didn't it? You still experienced it. Well, the future's exactly the same, just the other way round.

JEMIMA:

Eh?

DOCTOR:

Release me and I might just be able to reverse what's happened. Keep me here, and you die. I guarantee it.

(BEAT)

JEMIMA:

Why should I believe you?

DOCTOR:

Why would anyone try that as a bluff if it wasn't true? Please. I've done nothing to warrant your distrust. If there's even the slightest chance I'm telling the truth, you've got to let me go, surely?

(PAUSE)

JEMIMA:

(CONSIDERING IT) How can I know if you're telling the truth?

DOCTOR:

You can't.

(BLORE AND TAZMEENA BURST IN)

Too late.

BLORE:

This him, is it?

DOCTOR:

Er...

BLORE:

Looks like we caught you just in time. Nobody tries to do over Captain Blore. You're going in the Brig.

(THEY START DRAGGING THE DOCTOR OUT)

DOCTOR:

Please, you don't understand...

BLORE:

Shut up!

(THEY'VE GONE. JEMIMA WAITS)

JEMIMA:

Thirty minutes...

(SHE FOLLOWS. PAUSE. THEN... ANOTHER TARDIS STARTS MATERIALISING, OFF. IT'S A BIT BROKEN DOWN, AT THE VERY END OF ITS TETHER. WE DON'T HEAR IT LAND FULLY, BUT CUT AWAY TO:)

7. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP BRIG

(AN ENERGY FIELD BLAZES AND THE DOCTOR IS LOCKED INSIDE A CELL, TAZMEENA AND BLORE OUTSIDE)

DOCTOR:

Please. You have to listen to me.

TAZMEENA:

No. We don't.

BLORE:

What happened to honour among thieves, eh? Don't rob a robber, we don't like it.

DOCTOR:

I wasn't trying to rob you, I was trying to save you. I'm acting in everyone's best interests.

BLORE:

Sure you are.

TAZMEENA:

Bit of a coincidence, innit? You coming along an hour after we've done a raid? You must think we're soft.

DOCTOR:

I don't.

BLORE:

You're after our - (STOPS) After our... - What did we just steal?

TAZMEENA:

It was... It was...

BLORE:

Was it gold? It must have been gold. That's what we usually steal...

DOCTOR:

Look. You don't understand. I'm not a thief. (SIGHS) I'm the Doctor.

BLORE:

The Doctor?

TAZMEENA:

The Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Yes. From the look of this ship, you're late period Rocket Men, am I right? After the Asteroid. You should know who I am, and you should know what I do. I save people, I don't steal from them. You must see I wouldn't risk telling you that if I didn't need you to believe me.

BLORE:

The Doctor, eh? (BEAT) Never heard of you.

TAZMEENA:

No, not a clue. What's this asteroid you're talking about?

DOCTOR:

The Asteroid. The home base of the Rocket Men. I destroyed it. You don't remember?

BLORE:

I've no idea what you're talking about.

DOCTOR:

You - ? (BEAT. NEW TACK) This raid of yours. The one that just happened, how long ago was it?

TAZMEENA:

An hour or so - (STOPS SELF) Hey, you don't get to ask questions!

DOCTOR:

And you can't remember what you stole?

TAZMEENA:

I'll get it eventually.

DOCTOR:

I don't think you will. You remember who you are, but actual history... no. It's worse than I thought. It's not just the future that's missing. It's the past too! We're in a temporal island!

BLORE:

Whatever. I've had enough of your nonsense. Wait here. It's been ages since I've done an execution. I'm going to come up with a really good one.

(THEY HEAD OUT THE DOOR)

DOCTOR:

Please! I'm the only thing standing between you and oblivion.

BLORE:

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(THEY'VE GONE)

DOCTOR:

(SADLY) No...

8. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP CORRIDOR

(BLORE AND JAZMEENA WALK DOWN THE CORRIDOR)

BLORE:

That box of his might be worth something.

TAZMEENA:

You think?

BLORE:

Yeah, sure. Soon as we can figure out what it is...

(THEY WALK OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR. THERE ARE FOOTSTEPS - JEMIMA'S - BEHIND, AS SHE HEADS INTO THE CELLS)

9. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP BRIG

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES HIS DEVICE)

DOCTOR:

At least they left me this...

(IT BEEPS MORE RAPIDLY THAN BEFORE)

Although that's hardly comforting.

(JEMIMA ENTERS THE ROOM)

JEMIMA:

Alright, you want out of here?

DOCTOR:

You! You believed me? About the time breaks?

JEMIMA:

No. Didn't understand a word. But you got on board somehow. So you can get me out the same way.

DOCTOR:

You want that?

JEMIMA:

I don't owe that lot anything. They killed my family. Stole me. Kept me like a pet.

DOCTOR:

Fascinating. The memories must be deep-rooted if you've retained them despite the erasure.

JEMIMA:

And there you go again. Talking nonsense. Cut to the chase. Can I come with you?

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

What's your name?

JEMIMA:

Jemima.

DOCTOR:

Nice to meet you, Jemima. You know, I could show you the universe. If you wanted me to. But it's a dangerous place. If something is erasing parts of the time-stream I really couldn't guarantee your safety.

JEMIMA:

You think I'm safe here? Please. Take me with you.

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

I suppose you do fit the profile.

JEMIMA:

Then I'm getting you out.

10. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP BRIDGE

(THE DOOR OPENS. BLORE AND TAZMEENA ENTER)

BLORE:

Let's do a data scan. If we can identify - What in - ?

TAZMEENA:

Where's everybody gone?

(THEY CROSS TO INSTRUMENT PANELS. PICK UP SOMETHING LIKE A DOLL)

BLORE:

What's this? Somebody been making scale models of the crew?

TAZMEENA:

Feel a bit warm, don't they?

BLORE:

Wait. Somebody's sitting in my chair.

DECAYED MASTER:

(SPINNING THE CHAIR ROUND) And it sure ain't Goldilocks.

(NB: THE DECAYED MASTER IS FASTER AND MORE PLAYFUL THAN USUAL - BECAUSE IT'S REALLY THE NEW MASTER IN THE WRONG BODY)

JAZMEENA:

(RETCHES)

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes, I know. Almost unbearably beautiful, aren't I? The chiselled jaw. The fine cheekbones. The cold, crystal blue eyes acting as windows to the soul. Yes, some mornings I can hardly bear to look at myself in the mirror.

BLORE:

Who are you, monster? What you doing on my ship?

DECAYED MASTER:

Now that's an interesting outfit, isn't it? Where have I seen that before...?

BLORE:

Answer the question!

DECAYED MASTER:

(SNAPS FINGERS) Oh, yes. Of course. You're the Rocket Men! I remember. A pathetic rag-tag bunch of no-hopers with delusions of power on a cosmic scale. So this is what became of you after the Doctor destroyed your base...

BLORE:

The Doctor? Did you just say... the Doctor?

TAZMEENA:

That chap in the cells?

BLORE:

He did what?

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, don't worry. If you can't remember, it's not important right now. All I needed from you was his location, and you've just told me that. So, look, it's been lovely catching up, we must do it again sometime, but I really can't stop and chat. I'm an awfully busy fellow and I've got a schedule to keep. So if you don't mind.

(HE USES HIS TISSUE COMPRESSION ELIMINATOR ON BLORE)

BLORE:

Aaaarghhhhh!

(BLORE'S BONES BREAK AND CRUNCH. HIS SCREAM DWINDLES AS HE'S SHRUNK DOWN TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL AND DROPS TO THE FLOOR)

TAZMEENA

Wha- what just happened? Where'd he go?

DECAYED MASTER:

He didn't go anywhere. Just lost a few inches.

(TAZMEENA DROPS TO THE GROUND, PICKS UP THE BODY)

TAZMEENA:

You're the one who did all the models...

DECAYED MASTER:

Not exactly...

(SHE FIGURES IT OUT)

TAZMEENA:

No. You... you killed him! You killed him!

DECAYED MASTER:

Did I? Oh, how awful. That's a bit of an oversight by the manufacturers, isn't it? Does this thing not have any safety settings?

(HE TAPS THE ELIMINATOR. TAZMEENA LEAPS FOR THE CONTROLS. HITS THE TANNOY. AN ALARM BLARES AND HER VOICE ECHOES)

TAZMEENA:

All crew, alert. We have a hostile on board, he's killed the captain, he - Aaaaargh!

(HE'S USED THE ELIMINATOR AGAIN, KILLING HER)

DECAYED MASTER:

No, clearly not. There it goes again. Hope I kept the receipt...

(THE ALARM CONTINUES RINGING AS HE EXITS)

11. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP CORRIDOR

(THE ALARM BLARES OUT)

DOCTOR:

Well, that's alarming.

JEMIMA:

A hostile on board? Everyone will think it's you!

DOCTOR:

Really? She was clearly talking about whoever it was that made her scream.

JEMIMA:

And you reckon anyone's going to work out that wasn't us?

DOCTOR:

I suppose not. How many crewmen does this ship have?

JEMIMA:

About thirty?

DOCTOR:

Then we'd better hurry. It'd be wise to get away from here.

(THEY START RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDOR. A ROCKET MAN APPEARS AT THE OTHER END)

ROCKET MAN:

There!

(HE OPENS FIRE ON THE DOCTOR AND JEMIMA)

JEMIMA:

Other way!

(THEY RUN THE OTHER WAY. THE ROCKET MAN CHASES THEM, FIRING)

12. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP BRIG

(THE DOOR OPENS. THE DECAYED MASTER ENTERS. HE STOPS)

DECAYED MASTER:

Escaped? Already? Oh, for goodness' sake, Doctor, what's the point of a chap trying to pull off a dramatic rescue if you're just going to break out before I can get to you? The ingratitude!

(HE EXITS)

13. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP (CORRIDOR)

(THE DOCTOR AND JEMIMA RUN DOWN THE CORRIDOR, THEN COME TO A STOP)

DOCTOR:

Where now?

JEMIMA:

This way...

(THEY DART DOWN A CORRIDOR. BRIEF PAUSE. THEN A FLURRY OF GUNFIRE FROM DOWN THAT CORRIDOR. THE DOCTOR AND JEMIMA RACE BACK OUT)

JEMIMA:

Maybe not that way then.

DOCTOR:

Do we have another route through?

JEMIMA:

I'm thinking. We're running out of options.

DOCTOR:

Quickly.

(A ROCKET MAN APPEARS AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR)

ROCKET MAN:

Stop!

DOCTOR:

Not quickly enough.

(JEMIMA RAISES HER HANDS)

ROCKET MAN:

Raise your hands.

DOCTOR:

I seem to be doing that a lot today.

ROCKET MAN:

Do it!

DOCTOR:

(RAISING HIS HANDS) Best do as he says.

JEMIMA:

I did it before he asked.

ROCKET MAN:

You killed the Captain. I sentence you to summary execution.

DOCTOR:

Now look here -

(FROM OFF - TISSUE COMPRESSION ELIMINATOR BLASTS THE ROCKET MAN)

ROCKET MAN:

(DYING SCREAM)

DOCTOR:

Oh no.

JEMIMA:

What happened to him? Where'd he go?

DOCTOR:

We need to leave.

JEMIMA:

But why? He's vanished.

DOCTOR:

Well, you know how I told you how the situation was really rather dire?

JEMIMA:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

It's just got immeasurably worse.

(THE DECAYED MASTER APPROACHES FROM OFF)

DECAYED MASTER:

Come on, that's no way to greet an old friend, is it? One doesn't expect cake and bunting, but is a hug really out of the question?

JEMIMA:

(SHOCKED) Who is that?

DOCTOR:

Your worst nightmare.

DECAYED MASTER:

Made flesh. Which one is this? Have we met? I lose track.

DOCTOR:

She's... new. Early days.

DECAYED MASTER:

Really. Well, hello then, young lady. I'm called the Master. Don't listen to a word he says about me. He'll make all these terrible claims, saying I've done this, caused that, murdered these people, eradicated this species, but don't believe any of it. In reality, I'm far, far worse.

DOCTOR:

Enough of your games. What do you want?

DECAYED MASTER:

Want? What do you mean, 'want'? Isn't it obvious? I'm here to rescue you, old boy.

DOCTOR:

Rescue me?

DECAYED MASTER:

You can thank me later. First, we get back to your -

(A SECOND ROCKET MAN APPEARS AT THE END OF THE CORRIDOR)

ROCKET MAN 2:

There you are! (HE STARTS CHARGING FOR THEM) Stop in the name of - (TCE FIRES) Aaaargh!

DECAYED MASTER:

Honestly. We're in the middle of a conversation! The rudeness of some people... Now, this way, I think...

DOCTOR:

I told you - I'm not playing.

DECAYED MASTER:

What?

JEMIMA:

Look, not being funny, but shouldn't we go with him? What with the vicious pirates and gaps in time and everything. We need all the help we can get.

DECAYED MASTER:

Doctor, your monkey has a point.

JEMIMA:

Hey!

DOCTOR:

I don't trust you.

DECAYED MASTER:

I'm sure you don't, but do you really have time to indulge that distrust? Do any of us?

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

Alright...

DECAYED MASTER:

Excellent! That's the spirit! Now, I believe your TARDIS is in the hold -

JEMIMA:

Yes, it's this way. Follow me.

(THEY RACE OFF, THE DECAYED MASTER LEADING. QUICK FADE TO:)

14. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP (CORRIDORS) [MOMENTS LATER]

(THE TISSUE COMPRESSION ELIMINATOR FIRES AGAIN AS THE GROUP CHARGE DOWN MORE CORRIDORS)

ROCKET MEN:

(FIVE DYING SCREAMS)

DOCTOR:

Will you stop killing them?

DECAYED MASTER:

But I'm so good at it. You save people, I murder them. It's what we do!

JEMIMA:

They'll kill us if he doesn't stop them, it's our only way out of here!

DOCTOR:

Don't make me regret allowing you to accompany me, Jemima.

DECAYED MASTER:

In ten minutes the gap in reality will erase everyone on this ship from time. They're dead whatever happens, at least this way I get to have fun.

(HE SHOOTS FIVE MORE)

5 x ROCKET MEN:

(SCREAMS)

DECAYED MASTER:

Can't be more than about ten of them left, we should have a clear run now.

DOCTOR:

I can't believe we were once friends.

DECAYED MASTER:

Trust me, no matter how much anger you might feel for me at the moment, it's as nothing to the fury I currently have bubbling within.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry?

JEMIMA:

It's right here.

(SHE OPENS THE DOOR INTO THE HOLD. THEY DART IN)

15. INT. PIRATE SPACESHIP (HOLD) (CONTINUOUS)

(THEY ENTER, THE DOCTOR AND JEMIMA COME TO A STOP, THE DECAYED MASTER MOVING AHEAD. THEY'RE BY HIS TARDIS, WHICH IS SPARKING AND SPUTTERING)

DOCTOR:

What on - ?

JEMIMA:

What's that? Looks like a... Grandfather clock, sort of.

DECAYED MASTER:

It's not important.

JEMIMA:

That wasn't here earlier...

DOCTOR:

It's his TARDIS.

(THE DECAYED MASTER RETURNS TO THEM)

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes, yes, come along people, come along, clock's ticking.

JEMIMA:

Well, that clock ain't. That's his version of your box?

DOCTOR:

I think it was once, yes.

JEMIMA:

So why's it all... sparky and melty?

DOCTOR:

I've no idea, they're not supposed to look like that. (TO MASTER)
What have you done to it?

DECAYED MASTER:

It's a long story, and might I remind you we don't have time for those? Alacrity is the order of the day. Come along, hurry, hurry, hurry.

(THEY START MOVING TOWARDS THE OTHER END OF THE HOLD)

DECAYED MASTER:

Your ship's at the other end, yes?

DOCTOR:

Correct, just over - Ah.

(TEN ROCKET MEN EMERGE)

ROCKET MAN 3:

I thought we'd find you here.

DOCTOR:

That's where the others got to.

ROCKET MAN 3:

Ten against three. Fancy your odds?

(THE ROCKET MEN START MOVING TOWARDS THEM)

DECAYED MASTER:

Very much so! (ASIDE TO THE DOCTOR AND JEMIMA) Keep close to me.

DOCTOR:

What? What are you planning?

DECAYED MASTER:

Just do it! If you'd like to live. Grab your pet too, if you fancy keeping her...

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Best do as he says...

(HE GRABS JEMIMA)

JEMIMA:

Alright.

(THE DECAYED MASTER PULLS OUT A HANDHELD DEVICE. HE PRESSES A BUTTON AND THERE'S A QUIET BUZZ OF ENERGY)

ROCKET MAN 3:

Two killers and a traitor, eh?

JEMIMA:

This isn't what it looks like.

ROCKET MAN 3:

Isn't it? Cos from here, it looks like a funeral.

DECAYED MASTER:

You are so right.

(HE PRESSES ANOTHER BUTTON. AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOLD)

JEMIMA:

(CRY OF SHOCK)

10 x ROCKET MEN:

(SCREAMS AS THEY'RE SUCKED OUT INTO SPACE)

(THE DOCTOR, THE DECAYED MASTER AND JEMIMA HANG FLOATING. DEBRIS WHIPS AROUND THEM AS THE SHIP STARTS TEARING APART.)

JEMIMA:

(SHOUTING) What was that?!

DECAYED MASTER:

(SHOUTING) I planted a bomb here when I arrived. A little contingency plan. I try to anticipate every eventuality.

DOCTOR:

(SPOTTING HIS SHIP) My TARDIS! - Did you anticipate blowing my TARDIS out into space too?

DECAYED MASTER:

Naturally! Have a little faith!

(HE TAPS HIS DEVICE. THE SHIP IS BEING TORN APART)

JEMIMA:

How come we're still... hanging here?

DOCTOR:

Something to do with the force field from your TARDIS, I'm guessing.

DECAYED MASTER:

Well, it wasn't doing much good in that broken down pile of wreckage, was it? I thought I'd employ it for a slightly more useful purpose. Vis-a-vis, continued existence. I made the basic elements portable, see? This device here.

(HE SHOWS IT)

DOCTOR:

That won't last long.

DECAYED MASTER:

With the dead time approaching we don't have long.

JEMIMA:

Presumably that's why you didn't use it when we were getting shot.

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes, why waste the battery? The protective bubble's relatively tight around us, giving us something to stand on, some air to breathe... but with a little adjustment...

(THE ENERGY BUZZ MAKES A WHUMPING SOUND, AND EXPANDS)

DECAYED MASTER: [CONT'D]

I can loop it around your TARDIS. Now it's just a question of nipping over to it, and hopping on in.

DOCTOR:

It's drifted a bit.

JEMIMA:

How long until we hit this gap in time?

DOCTOR:

Can't be more than five minutes now.

DECAYED MASTER:

Then I suggest we run.

DOCTOR:

I agree.

(THEY START RUNNING FOR THE TARDIS)

16. INT. TARDIS

(THE DOORS OPEN AND THE DOCTOR, JEMIMA AND THE DECAYED MASTER STUMBLE IN. THE CLOISTER BELL IS STILL TOLLING, ALARMS ARE STILL RINGING)

DECAYED MASTER:

That was too close, it was almost out of power.

DOCTOR:

That panel there, we don't have much time...

DECAYED MASTER:

I'm there.

(THE DOCTOR AND THE DECAYED MASTER OPERATE CONTROLS FRANTICALLY)

JEMIMA:

Blimey, your box, it's -

DOCTOR:

Yes, deceptively spacious. That's what the Estate Agent said. How long have we got?

DECAYED MASTER:

Sixty seconds, perhaps?

JEMIMA:

And then?

DECAYED MASTER:

Nothing. No-time. We need to project over the gap.

DOCTOR:

You've done it before?

DECAYED MASTER:

A few times. My TARDIS reacted rather badly.

DOCTOR:

It's happening a lot?

DECAYED MASTER:

Throughout all recorded history. Blank patches of time, spreading everywhere.

DOCTOR:

Why? What's causing it?

DECAYED MASTER:

A question for later, I think... Reckon you can manage this?

DOCTOR:

I can try.

DECAYED MASTER:

Then what are we waiting for. Let's give it all we've got!

(THEY SLAM THE CONTROLS HOME, THEN RAPIDLY HIT MORE BUTTONS. THE TARDIS SHAKES, ALMOST BREAKING UP, THE SOUND OF DEMATERIALISATION CREAKING EVERYWHERE. THE CLOISTER BELL'S RING ECHOES. ALL MANNER OF ALERT BUZZERS SOUND)

JEMIMA:

What's going on?

DOCTOR:

Survival, hopefully!

DECAYED MASTER:

Hold on!

DOCTOR/DECAYED MASTER/JEMIMA:

Yaaaaaaarrrrrrggggh!

(AND THE NOISES ARE ALL SUCKED UP INTO A SINGULARITY.

COMPLETE SILENCE FOR A FEW MOMENTS)

17. INT. TARDIS

(THEN SUDDENLY IT'S BACK. THUDDING DOWN WITH AN ENORMOUS CRASH. EVERYTHING SHAKES AND RATTLES. THE SHIP BOUNCES A FEW TIMES WITH SIMILAR LEVELS OF SHAKE, TEMPORAL MOMENTUM PUSHING IT FORWARD, BEFORE SLOWLY SETTTLING)

DOCTOR/DECAYED MASTER/JEMIMA:

(GASPING AT THE BOUNCES)

(THE SHIP RELAXES INTO REGULAR FLIGHT. THE ALARMS HAVE CEASED. SILENCE)

JEMIMA:

Are we safe?

DOCTOR:

We're through it. But we're not remotely safe.

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, well flown, Doctor! Excellent work. We make a good team, you and I.

DOCTOR:

We are not a team. We are never a team.

DECAYED MASTER:

Please yourself.

JEMIMA:

He just saved us, how can you be angry with him!

DOCTOR:

Because I've met him. His soul's as decayed as his current appearance.

DECAYED MASTER:

Flattery will get you nowhere.

(THE DOCTOR MARCHES OVER TO HIM)

DOCTOR:

This is your fault, isn't it? The gaps in time?

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, my dear fellow, not at all, not at all! I'm just an innocent party, like you.

DOCTOR:

You expect me to believe that?

DECAYED MASTER:

Not really, but it's the truth, so it's what I'm going to tell you.

(BEAT. THE DOCTOR STEPS BACK)

JEMIMA:

He's not lying, is he?

DOCTOR:

No, I don't believe he is. If it's not you, what's causing it? And why did you come for me?

DECAYED MASTER:

In answer to the first question, no idea. In answer to the second... well, you saw the state my TARDIS was in, I wasn't going to get past another one of those gaps unscathed.

DOCTOR:

No, there's more to it than that. You could have just stolen my TARDIS and left me there. But you didn't. You took me with you. Why?

(PAUSE)

DECAYED MASTER:

Because I need your help.

DOCTOR:

Help? You expect me to help you? After all you've done in the past? After all you did just now?

DECAYED MASTER:

What, saving your life?

DOCTOR:

After endangering it in the first place, and by murdering thirty people!

DECAYED MASTER:

Was it as many as that? I've stopped counting. It's tricky to keep track once you hit tens of thousands.

DOCTOR:

I will never help you.

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes, I thought that might be the case.

(HE PULLS OUT HIS TISSUE COMPRESSION ELIMINATOR)

JEMIMA:

What you doing?

DECAYED MASTER:

This, my dear, is a tissue compression eliminator. It eliminates you through tissue compression. Or eliminates tissue compression, I've never been entirely sure, the name's a trifle confusing.

JEMIMA:

(WORRIED) So why you pointing it at me?

DECAYED MASTER:

Doctor, must we do this again? Why do you think I let you keep her?

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

Very well. What do you want?

DECAYED MASTER:

That's the spirit. Just a journey, just a quick journey. And your assistance in battle.

(HE STARTS PROGRAMMING THE TARDIS CONSOLE)

DOCTOR:

Battle?

DECAYED MASTER:

We're going up against the deadliest foe I've ever encountered.

DOCTOR:

Deadlier than me?

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, my dear Doctor, your arrogance is never ending. You flatter yourself that you are in some way my nemesis, Moriarty to my Holmes, but in reality you provide merely adequate opposition, worthy of very little attention.

DOCTOR:

If you insist.

DECAYED MASTER:

No, the prey we seek is a far grander, far more intimidating proposition. An adversary like no other.

DOCTOR:

Really? Who?

(THE DECAYED MASTER PULLS A LEVER UP)

DECAYED MASTER:

Me.

(HE SLAMS THE LEVER HOME. THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

(CLOSING THEME)

PART TWO

(OPENING THEME)

REPRISE:

DECAYED MASTER:

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DOCTOR:

Really? Who?

(THE DECAYED MASTER PULLS A LEVER UP)

DECAYED MASTER:

Me.

(HE SLAMS THE LEVER HOME. THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES)

18. INT. WARSHIP (COMMAND DECK)

(A GIANT WARSHIP FLIES THROUGH SPACE.)

THE COMMAND DECK IS A FLURRY OF ACTIVITY. SILICON BASED LIFEFORMS - GORLANS - MOVE ROCKILY ABOUT. WHEN THEY SPEAK IT'S LIKE TWO ROCKS BEING GROUND TOGETHER.

THE NEW MASTER ENTERS. HE'S SLOWER, MORE SUBDUED, COLD AND MALEVOLENT THAN USUAL - BECAUSE, IN REALITY, HE CURRENTLY HAS THE DECAYED MASTER'S MIND IN HIS BODY)

BAUZA:

General on the Bridge.

(THE BRIDGE STAFF SNAP TO ATTENTION)

NEW MASTER:

Stand at ease.

(THEY DO. THE NEW MASTER CROSSES TO HIS SEAT AND SITS)

NEW MASTER:

Sit rep, Lieutenant Bauza?

BAUZA:

The fleet approaches the target area, General. The advance party report that they still hold the Hypertunnel, but are suffering heavy casualties.

NEW MASTER:

And the Baron's main forces?

BAUZA:

Are massing at the other end, as far as we can ascertain. Preparing a heavy assault.

NEW MASTER:

Then it seems we are just in time. Issue my command. The tunnel must be held. At any price. If it falls... the war is as good as lost.

BAUZA:

Sir.

(BAUZA OPERATES THE CONTROLS)

19. INT. TARDIS

(AN OUTER SPACE DOGFIGHT RAGES ON THE MONITOR)

DECAYED MASTER:

These are the last years of the Gorlan civil war.

DOCTOR:

Such a senseless waste of life...

JEMIMA:

Gorlan? Who are they, I've never heard of them.

DOCTOR:

Be glad you haven't. A rather violent silicon based species. Fortunately, quite some way distant from humanity, galactically speaking.

DECAYED MASTER:

Their Empire ruled this sector of the universe for many centuries.

JEMIMA:

Until now?

DOCTOR:

There was a dispute over the line of succession. Two royal families came forward with plausible claims to the Imperial Throne.

DECAYED MASTER:

The houses of Baron Kalazar and Baron Jarvill.

DOCTOR:

Neither side was willing to back down. Hence... war.

DECAYED MASTER:

We're witnessing one of the conflict's crucial battles. The fight for the Torazine Hypertunnel, the only remaining passageway between the rival factions' respective areas of space.

JEMIMA:

They're fighting for control?

DOCTOR:

If Jarvill's forces can take it from Kalazar, he can bring his entire fleet through unopposed.

DECAYED MASTER:

But if Kalazar's troops can keep the tunnel to themselves, Jarvill can only attack in dribs and drabs. It could change the entire war. Alter the ending.

JEMIMA:

How does it end?

DOCTOR:

Badly. Billions died. An awful lot of those at this battle.

JEMIMA:

And he wants us to go in there?

DECAYED MASTER:

Naturally. That's where I am.

20. INT. WARSHIP (COMMAND DECK)

(THE SAME HUSTLE AND BUSTLE. SCREENS SHOW THE MASSIVE OUTER SPACE STAR WARS STYLE SPACE BATTLE)

BAUZA:

The enemy is suffering heavy losses, General. Far outnumbering our own.

NEW MASTER:

Excellent. That suggests my plan is working..

(A SING SONG TONE)

BAUZA:

We have incoming communication from the enemy fleet. (SHE CHECKS THE DATA) The energy signature indicates it is from Baron Jarvill himself.

NEW MASTER:

Really? Perhaps he wishes to surrender.

(HE RISES AND STARTS TO LEAVE INTO AN ADJACENT ROOM)

Transfer it to my ready room, I would hear it in private.

BAUZA:

Sir.

(SHE OPERATES THE CONTROLS AS THE NEW MASTER EXITS)

21. INT. WARSHIP (READY ROOM) (CONTINUOUS)

(DOOR. THE NEW MASTER ENTERS)

NEW MASTER:

On screen.

(A SCREEN FIZZES INTO LIFE)

Ah. Baron Jarvill.

BARON:

General Malgrove! How disappointing it is to witness your revolting physiognomy once more.

NEW MASTER:

You may dispense with the insults, Baron. We are speaking on a private communication channel. None of my crew can hear you. We may talk freely.

BARON:

Oh. My apologies.

NEW MASTER:

I suppose you would like me to fulfil my side of the deal.

22. INT. TARDIS

(THE DECAYED MASTER OPERATING CONTROLS ON THE CONSOLE)

DECAYED MASTER:

It appears we're in another island of time. Existence ends in approximately forty-three minutes...

JEMIMA:

Should probably work quickly then...

(THE DECAYED MASTER TAPS CONTROLS QUICKLY)

DOCTOR:

How did you find your other self so easily?

DECAYED MASTER:

I've a small army of sleeper agents on middle-period Earth, ready to be reactivated at a moment's notice. I sent them out to check my old boltholes for any sign of him... One of them located him on that prison island UNIT kept me in once.

DOCTOR:

Your old prison? What was he doing back there?

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, the usual sort of thing. Something to do with a Carmentine mind leach. But you were there, Doctor. Don't you remember?

DOCTOR:

I was?

DECAYED MASTER:

My agent said he'd met you. He was disguised as a boatman. Rather cunningly, I had him use your involvement as cover. While you kept my other self busy, he was able to plant a tracker on my TARDIS. His TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

Doesn't ring a bell, I'm afraid.

DECAYED MASTER:

Doubtless an after-effect of your encounter with the leach. Forget I mentioned it.

(HE STOPS OPERATING THE CONSOLE, AS IT BEEPS)

Aha. Here we are. Now according to the historical records I've found here, in a slight alteration to the old timeline... that fleet's being led by a humanoid ally of Kalazar. Known as General Malgrove. Does his picture remind you of anyone?

DOCTOR:

Malgrove. Of course. The Gorlan word for Master. Sometimes I wonder if you have any imagination at all. One of your later iterations I see.

DECAYED MASTER:

He'll be playing both sides. Helping one Baron destroy the other, whilst maintaining the illusion of being a friend to both. Then when they're out of the way, he steps in to fill the resultant power vacuum. It's quite brilliant.

JEMIMA:

How come you're so sure? How do you know that's his plan?

DECAYED MASTER:

Because it's what I'd do.

JEMIMA:

I'm not even going to pretend I understand this.

DOCTOR:

And yet despite your... 'shared history' you're viewing him as an adversary.

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes! Curious, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

So you want us to land on that ship? Why? What are you planning?

DECAYED MASTER:

No, I've got to keep some things to myself, now haven't I? I mean, fair's fair.

DOCTOR:

I won't do it. Whatever you're up to, it will be utterly evil, I won't help you.

DECAYED MASTER:

Do I really have to threaten the girl again? I thought we were over that.

DOCTOR:

I can't do it. It's impossible. Extensive interaction with your own self is expressly prohibited by the Blinovitch Limitation Effect. Not to mention the laws of time.

DECAYED MASTER:

Well, time's hardly in the best of health presently, I'm not sure she's going to be troubled by little old me.

DOCTOR:

I absolutely refuse.

DECAYED MASTER:

I'm afraid you won't have much choice.

DOCTOR:

(QUIET, TROUBLED) Why not?

DECAYED MASTER:

Because I've just let us drift into sensor range. Any second now, he'll notice we're here. And who knows what's going to happen after that.

23. INT. WARSHIP (COMMAND DECK)

(THE NEW MASTER ENTERS THE BRIDGE. A SMALL ALERT PINGS ON A COMPUTER BANK)

NEW MASTER:

The Baron is, sadly, not wise enough to surrender, and - What's that?

BAUZA:

(OPERATING CONTROLS) I'm not sure, General. We've been tracking the movements of Jarvill's fleet. We know where each and every one of his ships can be found. Or at least, we thought we did. A new one's just appeared out of nowhere.

NEW MASTER:

From the hypertunnel?

BAUZA:

No, sir, from the other direction. Its size and shape don't match anything in our database..

(BEAT)

NEW MASTER:

(WARY) Get it on screen.

BAUZA:

Sir.

(SHE OPERATES THE CONTROLS. THE SCREEN FLARES WITH A NEW IMAGE)

NEW MASTER:

Of course.

BAUZA:

You recognise it?

NEW MASTER:

You could say that. Oh, Doctor, why can't you leave well enough alone.

BAUZA:

I'm sorry?

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

Open a message to the fleet. Relay them that image and its location.

BAUZA:

Sir.

(SHE OPERATES CONTROLS. THERE IS A BEEP)

NEW MASTER:

(BROADCASTING) Ladies and gentlemen, we have a new target. That blue box before you is a weapon of unparalleled possibility. A vision of your doom. If you wish to survive this day, you will unleash every weapon you have upon it. At once.

24. INT. TARDIS

(ON THE SCREEN MISSILES SCREAM THROUGH SPACE. THE CLOISTER BELL TOLLS AGAIN)

JEMIMA:

Are those missiles? They look like missiles.

DOCTOR:

He's launched an attack.

(HE STARTS WORKING THE CONTROLS)

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, he's got the entire fleet firing at us. That's operatic.
(SHOUTS) Come on! Throw anything you like! The entire fleet of the Unholy Protocol couldn't stop me, you think this lot'll do any better?

(DOCTOR HITS THE BUTTONS TO INITIATE DEMATERIALISATION - THERE'S A SPUTTER, BUT IT'S LIKE THE TARDIS STALLS, OR ITS ENGINE'S FLOODED)

DOCTOR:

No...

JEMIMA:

Why aren't we getting out of here?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. She's refusing to dematerialise...

DECAYED MASTER:

That's how it starts, old chap! Once you've hopped over one of those barren patches, your TARDIS will start to behave erratically.

(THE DOCTOR TRIES THE CONTROLS AGAIN, WITH THE SAME RESPONSE)

DOCTOR:

No, no, no...

DECAYED MASTER:

You might manage a regular departure in time, but with those missiles wending their merry way, time's a luxury you can't afford. They look rather heavy duty. I doubt even your ship could survive a continued barrage by that many...

DOCTOR:

You've done this, haven't you? I don't know how, but you've done this...

DECAYED MASTER:

You're not a very trusting individual, are you?

JEMIMA:

Those missiles look awfully close.

(THE DOCTOR STRUGGLES WITH THE CONTROLS)

DOCTOR:

She's still got limited manoeuvrability within regular space. I can fly her evasively. If I can get her moving...

(HE WRENCHES THE CONTROLS)

JEMIMA:

Doctor!

(ON THE MONITOR, A MISSILE EXPLODES CLOSE BY)

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, that was close. You got out of there just in time, didn't you?

DOCTOR:

Some help might be appreciated.

DECAYED MASTER:

But you're doing so well without me.

(ANOTHER MISSILE EXPLODES ON THE SCREEN)

Ooh! Getting closer. Must be energy seekers from the look of them..

JEMIMA:

Who cares what kind of missiles they are!

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING WITH THE CONTROLS) Use the communications systems. Contact your other regeneration, have him call off the attack.

DECAYED MASTER:

No, not going to do that, sorry.

DOCTOR:

What? But he's your one of your future incarnations. He won't want to kill his past self. That'd be suicidal!

DECAYED MASTER:

Yeeesssss, you'd think that, wouldn't you?

(ANOTHER MISSILE EXPLODES ON THE SCREEN)

JEMIMA:

You two had better come up with a plan quickly, I don't think we can run much longer!

DOCTOR:

(TO MASTER) But he can't let you die, it'd cause a massive paradox!
Talk to him!

DECAYED MASTER:

Trust me. It wouldn't help.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

That portable forcefield you rigged from your TARDIS... Maybe it can
double up the shielding... Give it here.

DECAYED MASTER:

Of course, take it, I don't need it any more.

(HE PASSES IT. THE DOCTOR LOOKS OVER IT)

DOCTOR:

Now, let me see...

DECAYED MASTER:

Because it's almost out of power, remember? It won't hold for more
than a minute.

(THE DOCTOR STOPS FIDDLING)

DOCTOR:

Oh.

DECAYED MASTER:

But I do have an alternative suggestion.

(PAUSE)

JEMIMA:

Well, don't hold back on my account!

DECAYED MASTER:

Operate the Hostile Action Displacement System.

DOCTOR:

(BEAT) Yes, very clever.

DECAYED MASTER:

Isn't it though?

JEMIMA:

Well, I'm glad you're so pleased with yourselves, but do you fancy
sharing? What's this hostile wotsit?

(A MISSILE EXPLODES, REALLY CLOSE NOW)

DOCTOR:

The HADS. In the event of an attack, it immediately translates the TARDIS to the nearest safe environment.

DECAYED MASTER:

It doesn't work temporally, it's on a different circuit, so it should still be operational.

JEMIMA:

So why aren't you using that?

DECAYED MASTER:

Because he's bloody-minded, that's why. We're being fired on by a fleet of spaceships. By definition, the nearest safe environment is inside one of those ships. Specifically, the most secure and well-armoured one.

JEMIMA:

The flagship.

DOCTOR:

Precisely where he wants to go.

(A MISSILE EXPLODES - EXTREMELY CLOSE. THE TARDIS ROCKS)

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, that one practically popped in to use the bathroom!

DOCTOR:

You're enjoying this, aren't you?

DECAYED MASTER:

Can I not have some fun once in a while?

DOCTOR:

Not usually this much. (CURIOUS) Not in that incarnation...

JEMIMA:

Doctor, I know you don't want to give him what he wants, but maybe this is a good moment to swallow your pride. If there are these gaps in time everywhere, you need to be alive to fix them, don't you?

(PAUSE. THE DOCTOR POKETS THE MASTER'S FORCEFIELD DEVICE AND STARTS OPERATING THE CONTROLS. A MISSILE APPROACHES ON THE SCREEN)

DOCTOR:

Very well. I've switched on the HADS.

DECAYED MASTER:

Good boy. And it seems you were just in time.

(THE MISSILE 'HITS'. ENORMOUS EXPLOSION. CUT TO:)

25. INT. WARSHIP (COMMAND DECK) (CONTINUOUS)

(THE EXPLOSION CONTINUES, MUTED, ON THE DISPLAY SCREEN)

BAUZA:

Target neutralized, General. A direct hit.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

No. No, it's too simple... I know who's in that box. I know how resourceful they are. They're an old enemy of mine with a knack for eluding death... Initiate a temporal scan across the fleet. If anything changes, if there's the faintest blip, I want to know about it. He's here. Somewhere. And I'm going to find him.

26. INT. WARSHIP (MISSILE BAY)

(THE TARDIS MATERIALISES, IN A HADS STYLE. REF: 'THE KROTONS'. CROSS TO:)

27. INT. TARDIS

(THE SHIP SETTLES)

DOCTOR:

There we are. Looks like their missile bay. Satisfied?

DECAYED MASTER:

Very much so, thank you.

DOCTOR:

Now what? Are we heading out there?

DECAYED MASTER:

We aren't, no. You are. We're staying here.

JEMIMA:

Me? With you? Why can't I go with him?

DECAYED MASTER:

Because he won't go unless I've got a gun pointed at your head, he's terribly untrusting like that.

JEMIMA:

What?

DOCTOR:

He's right, of course. I won't let him harm you.

JEMIMA:

I'm glad to hear it.

DOCTOR:

What do you want me to do?

DECAYED MASTER:

That's the spirit! I want you to take him this.

(HE PRODUCES A BOX FROM HIS CLOAK AND HANDS IT OVER)

JEMIMA:

What? You're giving him cigars?

DECAYED MASTER:

No, this is far more than a cigar box, though I accept the appearance is similar.

DOCTOR:

What's in it?

DECAYED MASTER:

Let's not spoil the surprise. Take it to him.

DOCTOR:

I'm a Doctor, not a postman. Why can't you give it to him yourself?

DECAYED MASTER:

Because he and I are not on the best of terms presently. I am a man quite literally at war with myself.

DOCTOR:

You're fighting each other? Master versus Master?

DECAYED MASTER:

I suppose you could put it that way.

DOCTOR:

You're saying he actually wants to kill you? But that's ridiculous! He can't kill you without destroying himself!

DECAYED MASTER:

And yet it appears to be what's happening.

DOCTOR:

I can't believe that.

DECAYED MASTER:

You saw his hired assassins try to murder me in Upper Hexford, how can you doubt it?

DOCTOR:

(BAFFLED) Upper Hexford?

DECAYED MASTER:

Dear me, Doctor. Short-term memory is the first to go, they say. You and I had an encounter there, quite recently.

DOCTOR:

We did?

DECAYED MASTER:

Well, recently for me, for you it was a while back. I got myself rejuvenated and started looking for him, the other me.

DOCTOR:

I don't remember that.

DECAYED MASTER:

You must. It would stick in the mind. My TARDIS up for auction? The Trans-Human Sisters on my tail? Those wretched, ungrateful children of mine?

DOCTOR:

Children, what are you talking about?

JEMIMA:

Eh?

DECAYED MASTER:

You must remember. It was you. Well, an older, younger you. The drippy blonde one. Wanders around dressed like nobody who's ever played cricket ever. It was that you.

DOCTOR:

And you were as you are now?

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes!

DOCTOR:

I don't recall meeting this version of you in that incarnation.

DECAYED MASTER:

(SOMEWHAT TROUBLED) Don't you?

DOCTOR:

It was always the one with the goatee beard and the taste for melodrama. When was this? Who was I travelling with?

DECAYED MASTER:

You were alone.

DOCTOR:

That could be a few occasions, I - (PAUSE) You know, there is an absence once, when I was him. Now you come to mention it. Somewhere around Little Hodcombe... How odd. A period of... nothingness.

JEMIMA:

Like the gaps in time.

DOCTOR:

Yes. Yes, exactly like that. Now I wonder why that's happened?

DECAYED MASTER:

I'm sure it won't be anything to worry about. Well then. Are you going or not?

28. INT. WARSHIP (COMMAND DECK)

(A CONTROL PANEL BEEPS)

NEW MASTER:

Yes?

BAUZA:

We've detected an unusual temporal signature in the missile bay, sir. It only registered after that craft's apparent destruction.

NEW MASTER:

(QUIETLY) I've got you. (ALOUD) Send a squad down. I want anyone or anything that emerges from that box brought to me. Immediately.

BAUZA:

Sir.

(SHE OPERATES CONTROLS)

29. INT. TARDIS

(THE DOCTOR PREPARES TO LEAVE)

DECAYED MASTER:

Off you pop then, Doctor. Give him the box, then get him to open it.

DOCTOR:

He won't want to do that.

DECAYED MASTER:

Make him.

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure I want him to. Is it a bomb?

DECAYED MASTER:

Nothing so crude. You'll enjoy it, trust me. Now you understand? It's vital he doesn't know I'm here.

DOCTOR:

I understand.

DECAYED MASTER:

I'll be watching you. Say anything more and she dies.

DOCTOR:

I said I understood!

DECAYED MASTER:

Then what are you waiting for? We've less than thirty minutes til the next time break! Allez-ooop!

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE DOOR CONTROLS)

DOCTOR:

I'll come back for you, Jemima.

JEMIMA:

I know.

(HE EXITS THE TARDIS)

30. INT. WARSHIP (MISSILE BAY) (CONTINUOUS)

(THE DOCTOR EMERGES. DOZENS OF TROOPS ARE WAITING. THEY RACK THEIR WEAPONS)

GORLAN:

Stop right there. Hands in the air.

DOCTOR:

Oh.

GORLAN:

Hands in the air!

DOCTOR:

Quite the day for that, isn't it? (HE RAISES THEM IN THE AIR)

GORLAN:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

You wouldn't understand. Take me to your Master.

31. INT. TARDIS (CONTINUOUS)

(THE END OF THE SCENE CONTINUES ON THE TARDIS MONITOR)

GORLAN:

(DISTORT) You three, wait here. Guard the blue box. You, prisoner. This way!

(THE GORLAN GRINDS OUT OF THE ROOM WITH THE DOCTOR. THE DECAYED MASTER SWITCHES OFF THE MONITOR)

DECAYED MASTER:

Excellent!

JEMIMA:

Did you know he'd be captured that quickly?

DECAYED MASTER:

I knew it was a possibility, yes. In fact, I was rather hoping he would.

JEMIMA:

Oh? Why?

DECAYED MASTER:

You're full of questions, aren't you? Questions, questions, questions, have you considered making a statement once in a while?

JEMIMA:

Oh, I'll make a statement, all right. I'll make a statement. On your face.

DECAYED MASTER:

Hmm, I'm pretty certain that's nonsensical bravado, but at least you're trying. No, the Doctor's immediate capture means I'll be able to commence my side of the plan sooner rather than later.

(HE OPERATES THE DOOR CONTROL)

JEMIMA:

You're going out there? Of course. You're up to something.

DECAYED MASTER:

What gave it away? Well, young lady, I'm afraid that this is where we part company.

JEMIMA:

You're not taking me with you? Why not?

DECAYED MASTER:

Because you're a tediously imbecilic example of a lesser species, and I'd rather not mooch around babysitting you when I could be doing something more interesting with my time, like staring vacantly at a wall.

JEMIMA:

You're not a very nice man, are you?

DECAYED MASTER:

I'm glad you've noticed.

(HE SHOOTS HER)

JEMIMA:

(SCREAM OF AGONY)

DECAYED MASTER:

I'm terribly sorry, my dear, but you've outlived your usefulness.

(SHE DROPS TO THE FLOOR, DEAD. THE MASTER LEAVES THE TARDIS)

32. INT. WARSHIP (MISSILE BAY) (CONTINUOUS)

(THE MASTER EXITS. THE GORLANS IMMEDIATELY TAKE AIM AT HIM)

GORLAN 2:

Stop! Raise your hands in the air!

DECAYED MASTER:

What? Dear boys, don't you recognise me? I know carbon based life can be a little tricky for you chaps to distinguish between, but I can't have changed that much, can I?

GORLAN 2:

Should we know you?

DECAYED MASTER:

Of course. I'm your General. General Malgrove!

GORLAN 2:

You do not look like the general.

DECAYED MASTER:

Scan me if you don't believe me.

GORLAN:

I will!

(ONE OF THE GORLANS OPERATES A SCANNER)

DECAYED MASTER:

It was that fellow who left the box before me. He captured me. Tortured me. Left me for dead. Fortunately, I survived.

(THE SCANNER BEEPS)

Well?

GORLAN 2:

You are the General!

DECAYED MASTER:

See? I don't want to say 'I told you so', but -

GORLAN 2:

My apologies, sir. To point my weapon at you. It was a... monstrous error.

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, not at all, not at all, it's quite forgotten. Don't trouble yourself. Now, if we could get on. I'm feeling a trifle discombobulated following my ordeal. I could do with a little lie down. Might you, perhaps, show me to my room?

33. INT. WARSHIP (COMMAND DECK)

(THE GORLAN WALKS THE DOCTOR ONTO THE BRIDGE)

GORLAN:

Prisoner as requested, General.

NEW MASTER:

Excellent. Thank you.

GORLAN:

I put the blue box under guard.

NEW MASTER:

Good. Good. Doctor. What a pleasure to see you again.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry I can't say the same to you.

NEW MASTER:

And with a new face too. How delightful. You're getting through them almost as quickly as me these days.

DOCTOR:

(BEMUSED) A new... face?

NEW MASTER:

What are you doing here, Doctor? Invading my stronghold alone is foolhardy even for you. You must have some ulterior purpose. I'd be gratified to learn of it before your annihilation. Just to ease my curiosity if nothing else...

DOCTOR:

You know, I'm not entirely sure... You've not met my current persona before?

NEW MASTER:

No. Last time was the carnival clown, don't you remember?

DOCTOR:

No. I don't. And you looked like that?

NEW MASTER:

Yes.

DOCTOR:

Was it in your old prison, by any chance? Something to do with a Cermentine mind leach?

NEW MASTER:

You know it was.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I definitely don't remember that. Interesting.

NEW MASTER:

An after-effect of your encounter with the leach.

DOCTOR:

Perhaps. Or perhaps it's another gap..

NEW MASTER:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

No, but I'm beginning to.

NEW MASTER:

Well, I'm sure discussing our relative appearances must be fascinating for someone, but it isn't me. You will explain your purpose here before I count to three, or I will have you shot. One
-

DOCTOR:

Oh, let's not go that far. I'm here to bring you this.

(HE HANDS OVER THE BOX)

NEW MASTER:

A box? What's in it?

DOCTOR:

I've no idea. I didn't pack it myself.

NEW MASTER:

Then who did?

DOCTOR:

I'm not at liberty to say. But I was told to bring it to you and to make you open it.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

(TO GORLAN) You. Gorlan. Scan it.

GORLAN:

Sir.

(THE GORLAN RUNS A PORTABLE SCANNING DEVICE OVER THE BOX. IT BEEPS)

Nothing registers as harmful, General.

NEW MASTER:

Not a bomb? It doesn't contain a virus, or something?

GORLAN:

No, sir.

NEW MASTER:

I see. (PAUSE) What's in it, Doctor? I know you of old. You're not to be trusted. There's some trick to this, I know there is.

DOCTOR:

Like I say, I can't help you. I simply don't have the answers. Think of it as Schrodinger's parcel, the contents will only exist when you prise it apart.

NEW MASTER:

If you want me to open it, I suspect I probably shouldn't.

DOCTOR:

I don't particularly want you to. I'm only trying to persuade you because a friend of mine dies if I don't. (PAUSE) Tense, isn't it?

(THE NEW MASTER THROWS HIM THE BOX)

NEW MASTER:

Alright, you open the box. - Gorlan, throw a protective shield around the prisoner. If anything comes out of that box, it's not getting to me.

DOCTOR:

You're too kind.

(A BUZZ OF ENERGY SURROUNDS HIM)

NEW MASTER:

Well do it.

DOCTOR:

I suppose I have little choice in the matter.

(BEAT. THE DOCTOR OPENS THE BOX. PAUSE)

Oh.

NEW MASTER:

What's in it?

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

Absolutely nothing.

34. INT. WARSHIP (NAVIGATION)

(BEEPING CONTROLS OPERATE)

DECAYED MASTER:

Ah, yes, good. The main navigation controls. So many of them... Thank you, you've been a lot of help.

GORLAN 2:

I thought you'd have known where they were, General.

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes, and that's your problem. You didn't think. Goodbye.

(HE SHOOTS THE GORLAN)

GORLAN 2:

(CRUMBLING) Aaaargh!

(THE BODY SHATTERS ON THE FLOOR)

DECAYED MASTER:

Now. Where to start, where to start...

(HE STARTS TAPPING THE CONTROLS)

35. INT. WARSHIP (COMMAND DECK)

(THE SHIELD AROUND THE DOCTOR BUZZES)

NEW MASTER:

Gorlan! Lower the shield!

(THE BUZZ CUTS OUT)

There's got to be something inside that box.

(THE NEW MASTER CROSSES TO THE DOCTOR AND GRABS THE BOX)

Nothing. Literally nothing.

(HE FLINGS THE BOX ASIDE)

What are you up to, Doctor?!

DOCTOR:

I'm not up to anything! I'm as surprised as you are.

NEW MASTER:

Nice try. But I don't believe you. Very well, if you won't supply answers willingly, I may have to employ... special instruments of persuasion.

DOCTOR:

It really won't help.

(THE SHIP LURCHES. CONTROL PANELS BEEP WILDLY)

NEW MASTER:

What's happening?

(BAUZA TAPS CONTROLS)

BAUZA:

Sir, we've changed course.

NEW MASTER:

Oh?

BAUZA:

We're now heading directly for the Hypertunnel relays.

(SHE TAPS THE CONTROLS)

NEW MASTER:

Then change back.

BAUZA:

I'm trying to, sir. But the navigation systems aren't responding. We can't have more than twenty minutes.

NEW MASTER:

If we crash into that relay, the ship will be destroyed! The tunnel too!

BAUZA:

I know, sir. I'm trying my best...

(THE NEW MASTER STRIDES BACK TO THE DOCTOR)

NEW MASTER:

This is your doing, Doctor. Somehow or other this is all down to you.

DOCTOR:

I can assure you it's not.

(TANNOY SPEAKERS RING WITH A HIGH TONE)

BAUZA:

(GASP OF PAIN)

GORLANS:

(REACTIONS OF AGONY)

NEW MASTER:

(PAINED, BUT NOT AS MUCH AS THE GORLANS) What in -

DOCTOR:

(PAINED, BUT NOT AS MUCH) No, he can't be -

BAUZA:

(AGONISED) Sir! Sir, please, help me, I can't stand the -
Aaarghhhh!

(SHE SHATTERS INTO A CLOUD OF DUST. ALL THE GORLANS AROUND THE BRIDGE FOLLOW SUIT)

DOCTOR:

The Gorglans. They're exploding! Get down!

(THE NEW MASTER AND THE DOCTOR DUCK. THE TONE CUTS OUT. THE DUST SETTLES. THEY RISE)

NEW MASTER:

No! Dead! They're all dead!

(HE STRIDES OVER AND GRABS THE BOX)

DOCTOR:

A sonic tone. Keyed to explode rock... leaving us the sole survivors...

NEW MASTER:

(GRABBING HIM BY THE SCRUFF) What have you done? Everything was going so well. Then you! What was in this box?

DOCTOR:

Nothing! It looks empty!

NEW MASTER:

(SHOVING IT INTO HIS HANDS) Show me what it does!

(BRIDGE DOOR OPENS IN B/G)

DOCTOR:

(FIDDLING WITH IT) I don't know what it is!

(THE DECAYED MASTER ENTERS THE BRIDGE)

DECAYED MASTER:

Then I'll tell you. A microscopic sonic generator. Keyed to Gorlan biology, via this vessel's public address system.

NEW MASTER:

No! Not... you!

DECAYED MASTER:

You've lost your army, Master. That must be shattering.

NEW MASTER:

No! (PRODUCING WEAPON) No, I'm not going back in there!

DOCTOR:

See sense, Master! You can't shoot your earlier self!

NEW MASTER:

Can't I?

(THE NEW MASTER FIRES HIS TCE AT THE DECAYED MASTER WHO DUCKS AWAY)

DECAYED MASTER:

Missed!

(THE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES AS THE NEW MASTER RUNS OUT)

(CALLING OUT AFTER HIM) Run all you like! You're not getting away!

DOCTOR:

He tried to shoot you! He really doesn't care if you die!

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes, I told you that. Didn't you believe me? Come along. Back to your ship.

DOCTOR:

But he's escaping.

DECAYED MASTER:

No he isn't. He'll be heading for his quarters. That's where he left his TARDIS. As least... that's what he thinks.

36. INT. WARSHIP (NEW MASTER'S QUARTERS)

(THE NEW MASTER CHARGES INTO HIS ROOM. BEAT)

NEW MASTER:

No! Where is it? What have you done with my TARDIS?!

(A COMMUNICATOR BEEPS. THE NEW MASTER ANSWERS IT)

Yes?

(IT'S THE BARON)

BARON:

(COMMUNICATOR DISTORT) General, your ship appears to be heading directly for the Hypertunnel -

NEW MASTER:

Yes, yes, I'd noticed.

BARON:

(DISTORT) Might I remind you in the strongest terms -

NEW MASTER:

Quiet, fool. I do not have time for your inanities!

(HE SWITCHES THE COMMUNICATOR OFF. IT BEEPS AGAIN)

I said I do not have time!

DECAYED MASTER:

(DISTORT) Now, now, no need to be rude, is there? We go back a long way.

NEW MASTER:

You! Tell me! Where is my TARDIS?

37. INT. WARSHIP (MISSILE BAY)

(THE DECAYED MASTER SPEAKS INTO A COMMUNICATOR, THE DOCTOR TO ONE SIDE)

DECAYED MASTER:

(CHUCKLES) Now, now, that would be telling.

NEW MASTER:

(DISTORT) I will destroy you for this!

DECAYED MASTER:

Then you'll never get off this crate, will you? Can't have long now before it crashes, can we? I imagine it'll be a pretty big boom.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

(DISTORT) What do you want?

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, a chat, just a chat. Three minutes. The missile bay. Be there.

(HE SWITCHES OFF THE COMMUNICATOR)

DOCTOR:

Was that wise?

DECAYED MASTER:

Doctor. I think it's time to clear the air.

(HE PULLS OUT SOMETHING LIKE A PEPPER SPRAY)

DOCTOR:

What's that you're holding?

(THE DECAYED MASTER SPRAYS THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR:

Urgh!

(THE DOCTOR DROPS)

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh. Not air freshener. Knock out gas. I really should label these things more carefully.

(FADE OUT)

38. INT. WARSHIP (MISSILE BAY) [FEW MOMENTS LATER]

(FADE UP. AN ALERT IS ECHOING IN THE BACKGROUND)

ALERT:

Proximity alert. Collision imminent. Please abandon ship.

(THIS REPEATS REGULARLY AFTER A SHORT PERIOD. THE DECAYED MASTER IS TYING THE DOCTOR TO A CHAIR, TIGHTENING KNOTS)

DOCTOR:

(GROANING, COMING ROUND)

DECAYED MASTER:

Morning! Did you sleep well? Now, now. Don't struggle.

DOCTOR:

(WEAK) Oh great. Tied to a chair again... Always ready to double cross me, aren't you?

DECAYED MASTER:

You'd feel betrayed if I didn't.

(THE NEW MASTER ENTERS THE HOLD, SOME DISTANCE OFF)

NEW MASTER:

(DISTANT) You know, I could shoot you in the back right now, Master. Then I'd be free. I could steal the Doctor's TARDIS and escape.

DECAYED MASTER:

The key to the Doctor's TARDIS is hidden as well as your own ship. You're not escaping this craft's imminent immolation unless I say so, and you know what I want!

NEW MASTER:

(DISTANT) I'd rather die! I'll kill you before I go back there!

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, I don't think you'll have to. Come on. Join us. You might see things more clearly.

(PAUSE. THE NEW MASTER APPROACHES)

NEW MASTER:

(TAKING IN THE SCENE) But... I don't understand. You've tied him up, you're not working with him?

DECAYED MASTER:

We were, sort of. But you know how it is with the Doctor, collaboration never ends well.

(BEAT)

NEW MASTER:

Who are you? Who resides in that cadaverous form?

DECAYED MASTER:

(THROWN) You... don't know?

DOCTOR:

(ALMOST FULLY RECOVERED) He might not, but I do.

NEW MASTER:

Oh?

DOCTOR:

I should have realised sooner. The Master with the decayed face is usually quite a serious sort. Cold, cruel. But this time round he's been enjoying himself a little too much. He's been playful, insane. More the sort of personality I'd associate with you. And you seem somewhat subdued. Almost as if you'd switched bodies.

NEW MASTER:

What?

DOCTOR:

He's you. I mean, there's more to it than that, obviously. He's the future you. Not on the outside, of course. That's your past. I'm talking about the creature within.

NEW MASTER:

I don't understand.

DOCTOR:

Neither do I, not really. But it's the only thing that makes sense. Although I use the word 'sense' loosely.

NEW MASTER:

(STRUGGLING TO DEAL WITH IT) I - (GATHERS HIMSELF) So - what happened? I know I took this shell off... someone, but I... struggle to recall the details. You're saying it's the body of my future self...? I stole the body from my future self?

DOCTOR:

Well, I don't know precisely what happened, but presumably, yes.

NEW MASTER:

I don't understand. How can this be?

DECAYED MASTER:

It doesn't matter in the slightest. I am not pleased to be contained within this walking corpse again. Whether you knew my identity or not, that is still my body you're squatting in. And I would like it back.

NEW MASTER:

Don't make me return to that... thing...

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, I won't. I remember those days. The pain is almost unendurable. I feel it now. I would never condemn myself to this. Not even an earlier me, not even one I thought an enemy. I might have detested you for your betrayal but I had at least planned to offer an alternative.

NEW MASTER:

What alternative?

DECAYED MASTER:

You know when people say they wouldn't wish something upon their own worst enemy? Well... I would.

DOCTOR:

Ah.

DECAYED MASTER:

And now you know why I brought you here, Doctor.

NEW MASTER:

I see. It is... ingenious.

DECAYED MASTER:

I tried to steal his form in Hexford. It didn't work out, but it gave me an idea. I return my mind to its original body. You place your mind in the Doctor's. Take it over, leaving him only one place to retreat to.

NEW MASTER:

That decaying husk.

DECAYING MASTER:

Exactly. He'll be trapped in this prison of pain for the rest of his life. Which, seeing as he's in a shrinking island of time and on a ship due to explode very shortly, won't be more than five minutes, but you can't have everything.

DOCTOR:

You can't do this.

NEW MASTER:

Oh, I think we can!

DECAYED MASTER:

Isn't it glorious? In one fell swoop we'll be rid of the Doctor, and of this disgusting lump of flesh. Rid of them both. Forever!

(CLOSING THEME)

PART THREE

(OPENING THEME)

39. INT. CLOISTERS

(CONTINUED FROM SCENE ONE. THE NEW MASTER IS HIMSELF CURRENTLY)

NEW MASTER:

I am the Master. And you... know the rest.

SEBASTIAN:

The Master.

NEW MASTER:

In the flesh.

SEBASTIAN:

The notorious renegade Time Lord. Destroyer of worlds. Murderer of billions.

NEW MASTER:

Oh, stop, stop, you're making me blush.

SALRON:

The Master? Father Sebastian, we must destroy him. He will betray us!

SEBASTIAN:

No. No, Salron, I do not think he will. If he wished our endeavours neutralized, he could easily have eliminated us when he arrived, when we were not aware of his presence. And yet we still live. Why?

SALRON:

I do not know.

NEW MASTER:

Come on, come on, you can do it.

SEBASTIAN:

He requires something of us...

NEW MASTER:

Exactly, you're very astute. I suppose that's why you're Cult Leader and not just some common or garden cultist, like Salron here.

SEBASTIAN:

Tell us then. What is it that you desire?

NEW MASTER:

Why, like I said. To help you, dear chap, just to help you. What else could I want?

(BEAT)

SEBASTIAN:

You are... familiar with my brethren? With our ideology?

NEW MASTER:

Oh yes. The Cult of the Heretic. Quite a cosmopolitan group, aren't you? I count, what... a dozen species? I have to say, you've worked awfully hard to convince the universe you didn't exist. The false trails, the double bluffs, the secrets and the lies. It would take a genius to untangle them. And it did.

SEBASTIAN:

The universe would destroy us if it knew we were real.

NEW MASTER:

With good reason, I mean, you do want it dead after all. So, thanks to your manipulation and persuasion, you are believed to be a myth, a legend. A bedtime story to scare little ones of all species.

SEBASTIAN:

And yet you found us. You knew the stories were true.

NEW MASTER:

Well. When you've allied yourself with as many myths as I have, you learn not to take these things at face value. I found out about the Heretic from the Time Lords' secret files. He was one of my people, you know?

SEBASTIAN:

So I believe.

NEW MASTER:

And it was my people who killed him. Dissipated his atoms to the cosmos. They're like that.

SALRON:

Curse them. Curse the Time Lords!

NEW MASTER:

And that's your problem, isn't it? He was rather vital to the scheme. Without Time Lord involvement, his dream could be a little tricky to realise.

SALRON:

We will find a way.

NEW MASTER:

Will you? I mean, seriously, will you? It'll be an awful lot of faff, experimenting here, investigating there. Why go to all that bother when you've got me? Now. Ready to donate my biological data. At a cost.

SEBASTIAN:

What cost?

NEW MASTER:

Oh, I think you can guess.

(PAUSE)

Well?

SEBASTIAN:

We would have conference. You appreciate we cannot make a decision of this import without some discussion.

NEW MASTER:

Of course, certainly, don't mind me, talk as much as you like. I've got all day.

SEBASTIAN:

Brethren. Let us leave this place.

CULTISTS:

As you wish.

(THEY FILE OUT)

NEW MASTER:

I'll just stay here and put my feet up. Don't worry. I've got a good book...

(HE PULLS OUT A PAPERBACK AND RIFLES IT OPEN)

(FADE OUT)

40. INT. CLOISTERS (LATER)

(THE MASTER IS CHUCKLING AS HE READS. THE CULT FILES IN)

NEW MASTER:

Oh, you're back. That's sooner than I expected. I'll have to save the Great Glass Elevator for another day.

(HE POPS THE BOOK AWAY)

SEBASTIAN:

It is agreed. We will grant you that which you desire. You may rule.

NEW MASTER:

Excellent. I knew I could trust you chaps and chapesses to do the wrong thing.

SEBASTIAN:

Only... there is... a condition.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

Don't try my patience, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN:

You require something of us; well, we require something of you.

NEW MASTER:

I am not accustomed to taking orders. I am the Master. There's a clue in the name.

SEBASTIAN:

It is what we need. It is nothing onerous. Merely... a declaration of intent.

NEW MASTER:

I could show you a declaration of intent you wouldn't be happy with. I am remarkably expert at murder.

SEBASTIAN:

Threaten me all you wish, Time Lord. We are as one. If I die my brethren shall replace me, one by one. They shall make the same request.

NEW MASTER:

Then I'll reply to them in the same way.

SEBASTIAN:

And kill all of us? We are not afraid of death. We serve a higher cause. But you - you need us. You cannot perform this act alone. You need our information, otherwise why come here? - The Time Lords have not been able to create an Anomaly Cage of their own, have they?

NEW MASTER:

I will admit that the Heretic was a unique thinker. His designs have proved impossible for even our finest minds to replicate.

SEBASTIAN:

And if they cannot replicate it, you cannot steal it. We are the only ones offering that technology. Therefore you will not destroy us.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

What do you want?

(PAUSE)

SEBASTIAN:

We want you to kill yourself.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

Yes, I'm intrigued by your definition of the phrase 'nothing onerous'.

SEBASTIAN:

You think too conventionally, Time Lord. You know what the Cage does.

NEW MASTER:

I have the rough idea, yes.

SEBASTIAN:

Then you know such an act will cause you no harm whatsoever.

NEW MASTER:

Is this your first language? I have to see what dictionary you're using.

SEBASTIAN:

We do not mean you of the now. We mean you of the past.

(BEAT)

NEW MASTER:

Oh.

SEBASTIAN:

And now you comprehend.

NEW MASTER:

Destroy my past self, change history that completely... my only possible means of survival is through using the Cage.

SEBASTIAN:

Precisely. You must prove your commitment to the cause.

NEW MASTER:

Yeah, that'd do it. Well, it's ingenious, I'll give you that.

SEBASTIAN:

But what say you?

NEW MASTER:

You ask a great deal.

SEBASTIAN:

No more than you ask of us. You want the power only we can provide? Prove to us you are worthy of it.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

Let me tell you, I am awfully hard to kill.

SEBASTIAN:

Even for you? I believe you're... 'remarkably expert at murder'.

NEW MASTER:

Touché.

(PAUSE)

Very well. Most of my former selves have been incompetent wastrels. They got through lives at the drop of a hat. Their continued survival is of little consequence to me. Only my own ongoing existence matters.

SEBASTIAN:

Then you will do it?

NEW MASTER:

Of course I'll do it! Gladly! If one of them must die a little earlier than otherwise, well... they should have been more careful, shouldn't they? They deserve to die. Every last one of them.

SEBASTIAN:

Good. Good. Then it is agreed.

NEW MASTER:

Yes. And I know exactly where to do it.

41. TIME LORD VAULT CONTROL CENTRE

(A TIME LORD COMPUTER ALERT PINGS - REF: THE DEADLY ASSASSIN. A TIME LORD OPERATES CONTROLS)

TIME LORD:

Terserus Base. This is Terserus Base. Would the approaching TARDIS please identify itself. You are not authorised to land here. Identify yourself by the order of the High Council.

(NO RESPONSE. THE TIME LORD TAPS MORE CONTROLS)

Unidentified TARDIS. This is a top security installation. If you do not identify your craft voluntarily we will be forced to identify it for you. And if needs be, meet your approach with lethal force.

(NO RESPONSE. HE OPERATES MORE CONTROLS)

Identification programs running.

(DATA CHITTERS ACROSS HIS SCREEN)

Scanning. Scanning.

(IT BEEPS. AND THEN THE FLARE OF AN EVEN MORE STRIDENT ALERT)

The Master!

(HE HITS A CONTROL. AN ALARM RINGS OUT ACROSS THE BASE. HE OPERATES A COMMUNICATOR)

All personnel, this is Control. We have a hostile approaching, the renegade known as the Master, he is presumed armed and dangerous. Red alert, repeat red alert, everyone on standby.

(HE SWITCHES OFF THE COMMUNICATOR. A DOOR SLIDES OPEN BEHIND HIM. THE NEW MASTER STEPS IN)

Galsar, have you seen this, the Master's coming, he's just about to [land -]

(THE NEW MASTER SHOOTS HIM)

Argh!

NEW MASTER:

No, I'm not, I've been here for hours. Picking off the rest of your crew. Now that's enough of that...

(HE SWITCHES OFF THE ALARM)

NEW MASTER: [CONT'D]

Awful racket.

(HE OPERATES SOME CONTROLS)

NEW MASTER: [CONT'D]

Incoming TARDIS, you are free to land, repeat, free to land. Chocks away. Don't mind me. Thank you.

(HE CLOSES THE BASE COMMUNICATOR THEN OPERATES ANOTHER COMMUNICATOR OF HIS OWN)

Well. He bought it. Relative temporal arrival time... five minutes.

(SEBASTIAN REPLIES OVER THE COMMUNICATOR)

SEBASTIAN:

(DISTORT) You have done well.

NEW MASTER:

I usually do. Though I couldn't have done it without your teleport, Father Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN:

(DISTORT) Low-level technology, I admit. But their defences were designed to combat more sophisticated incursions.

NEW MASTER:

Very clever. Second time I've broken into this place. Though that was later in its life, obviously. They really should look into their security. You're sure you won't join me? To see the... 'coup de grâce'?

SEBASTIAN:

(DISTORT) Our current location is perfectly adequate. We are not as bloodthirsty as you.

NEW MASTER:

Too scared to leave your little sanctuary, more like.

SEBASTIAN:

(DISTORT) Believe what you wish, we are not sadists. The scanners you have installed will prove sufficient witness. But be quick. Once the deed is done. The second your earlier incarnation is obliterated, your timeline will start unravelling. You will need to make haste for the Anomaly Cage if you wish to survive.

NEW MASTER:

And you're only going to tell me its location when I've killed him. Yes, yes, I know. I mean, really, whatever happened to trust? Go on. You can tell me now. What difference will it make? Didn't your mothers ever talk to you about sharing?

SEBASTIAN:

(DISTORT) You know the agreement.

NEW MASTER:

Can't blame a guy for trying. Very well. I will make contact again when the deed is done. Master out.

(HE SWITCHES THE COMMUNICATOR)

Though if you think it'll be as simple as that, you've another think coming. Well, now. Best get ready.

(HE EXITS)

42. INT. TIME LORD VAULT LANDING BAY

(THE DECAYED MASTER'S TARDIS MATERIALISES. SILENCE FOR A FEW SECONDS. THEN HE EMERGES, DOOR OPENING WAR-GAMES STYLE. HE'S NOT YET DECAYED)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Well? I'm waiting. You've fulfilled your first promise, you got me in here. Now what about the second?

(HE STEPS INTO THE ROOM)

Come out, come out, wherever you are...

(HE EXITS TO THE NEXT ROOM)

43. INT. TIME LORD VAULT ANTE-ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(THE DECAYED MASTER ENTERS)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Hmmm. Dead bodies everywhere. My kind of ally, if nothing else.

(THE DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM)

What in - ?

(THE NEW MASTER STEPS FORWARD)

NEW MASTER:

Hello there.

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Ah. I presume you are my benefactor?

NEW MASTER:

Yes, you could say that.

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

The Time Lord vaults. The store of all their forbidden knowledge. I have long desired to infiltrate these hallowed halls. Thank you for facilitating my arrival. (BEAT) Do I know you from somewhere? Your face feels like it should be familiar...

NEW MASTER:

And yours does too. Oh, to think. I'd almost forgotten what it looked like before...

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Before... what?

NEW MASTER:

I almost regret it. I've often wondered what killed me here. My mind was curiously foggy on that point. Turns out it was me... Well, that's a twist.

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

What are you talking about?

NEW MASTER:

You know, I don't think I've ever meant this quite as sincerely before, but believe me - this is nothing personal.

(HE STARTS PULLING OUT HIS TCE...)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Oh no you don't -

(... BUT THE DECAYED MASTER IS QUICKER, AND BLASTS HIM WITH A STASER, THE TCE DROPPING)

NEW MASTER:

Aagh! My hand!

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Ah. I see you have your own Tissue Compression Eliminator? Should I be flattered? Copying me, are you?

NEW MASTER:

(PAINED) Not exactly.

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

You're behind the times. I've been using a staser lately. I like to mix things up a bit. (CHUCKLES) Did you really believe me so naive as to trust you? An anonymous contact offers vital knowledge leading to the destruction of the Time Lords? Of course it was a trap, I am no fool.

NEW MASTER:

Aren't you?

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

I am far more intelligent than you will ever be.

(BEAT)

NEW MASTER:

Well, you say that - but are you faster? (LEGS IT)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Stop! Stop!

(HE BLASTS AGAIN, BUT MISSES)

NEW MASTER:

(RUNNING OFF) Catch me if you can!

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

You think you can escape me. It will be my pleasure to disabuse you of that notion.

(HE HEADS AFTER THE NEW MASTER)

44. INT. TIME LORD VAULT CORRIDOR

(THE NEW MASTER CHARGES DOWN THE CORRIDOR. HE RECEIVES A CALL ON HIS COMMUNICATOR. HE ANSWERS IT)

NEW MASTER:

(RUNNING) Yes, Sebastian, what do you want? I'm busy...

SEBASTIAN:

(DISTORT) Your sensors indicate your younger self is still alive. Things do not appear to be going to plan. It seems you underestimated him.

NEW MASTER:

Oh, I don't think so. If there's one person in the universe I never underestimate, it's myself. I have the highest possible opinion of me.

SEBASTIAN:

(DISTORT) Then this is -

NEW MASTER:

- all part of the plan, yes. So if you'll forgive me -

(HE SWITCHES THE COMMUNICATOR OFF AND STOPS RUNNING)

Now where - ah, yes.

(HE DARTS DOWN A SIDE CORRIDOR AS THE DECAYED MASTER NEARS)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

You cannot hide. I will find you.

(HE FOLLOWS HIS NEW SELF)

45. INT. TIME LORD VAULT TRAP ROOM

(THE DECAYED MASTER RUNS INTO THE ROOM)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Your agonising demise is merely a matter of - Aaaargggh!

(HE'S BEEN CAUGHT IN A FIELD OF ENERGY - LIKE AN ELECTRIC FENCE. IT BURNS. THE NEW MASTER EMERGES FROM WITHIN THE ROOM)

NEW MASTER:

There, that's better.

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

What have you done? What is this?

NEW MASTER:

A Malson Electrofield. A sort of energy net. Very nasty. You won't be able to move, so don't bother trying. I out-thought you, you see. You anticipated my betrayal, well, I anticipated your anticipation. Factored it in. You're very easy to trick, dear boy. We think the same way.

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

I will escape this mesh. And you will regret your actions.

NEW MASTER:

No, don't think so. It was never going to be the TCE, I knew that. That's not how it happened, the first time. I remember. I was burnt. Burnt to a crisp.

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

What say you?

NEW MASTER:

Oh, don't worry. You'll work it out. Eventually. Now, let's see, how does this thing work?

(HE TWISTS A DIAL. THE ENERGY LEVEL BUILDS)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Yaaarggggh!

NEW MASTER:

Oh, does that hurt? Yes, I suppose it does. Look, sorry about all this, but I really am acting in your best interests.

(HE TWISTS THE DIAL AGAIN, AND THE ENERGY BUILDS AGAIN)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Yaaarrghhhh!

NEW MASTER:

This is for your own good you know.

(ANOTHER TWIST. ANOTHER ENERGY BUILD)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Yaaargggggh!

NEW MASTER:

Don't shout. I'm trying to concentrate! This is a very delicate operation. I need you left a fraction above death...

(HE TWISTS AGAIN, MORE ENERGY)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

Yaaaarggggghhhh!

NEW MASTER:

...then if I abandon your dying body, they'll think I've fulfilled my side of the bargain... but they don't know what happens next. If I signal Gallifrey, a certain Chancellor might just wing his way over here and rescue you. Everyone wins. I'm doing you a favour, really.

(HE TWISTS THE DIAL A FINAL TIME. BIGGEST PULSE OF ENERGY)

PRE-DECAYED MASTER:

(GOING INTO A SLUMP) Yaaaarrrgggggghhhh...!!!

NEW MASTER:

Ah. Yes. Looks like that's the ticket. Well. All I have to do now is - (BLASTED FROM BEHIND) Urgh!

What in - (HE'S BLASTED AGAIN) Urgh!

(HE DROPS. FEET WALK ACROSS TO THE BODY, PICK UP THE FIELD CONTROLS, AND SWITCH IT OFF. THE DECAYED MASTER - NOW ACTUALLY DECAYED - COLLAPSES TO THE GROUND. THE FEET APPROACH HIM. FROM HERE ON, THE DECAYED MASTER STRUGGLES WITH PAIN, CLOSE TO DEATH)

DECAYED MASTER:

(RASPING, AGONISED) Who... who are... You... saved me...

SEBASTIAN:

Yes. We have.

(THE CULTISTS ENTER THE ROOM)

SALRON:

Do you require assistance?

DECAYED MASTER:

Where did you come from?

SEBASTIAN:

We teleported in shortly after he did. But we waited. Out of sight. For just this moment.

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh?

SEBASTIAN:

Remove the other one, Salron.

SALRON:

Brothers, help me.

(THE CULTISTS DRAG THE NEW MASTER OUT)

DECAYED MASTER:

What are you doing with him..?

SEBASTIAN:

Taking him to our domain. You may follow. And see.

DECAYED MASTER:

(RISING) I - (GASP OF PAIN) Ahh! (HE DROPS)

SEBASTIAN:

Oh. Of course. You must be close to death. I will assist you. Be careful - the teleport may prove painful...

(HE HELPS THE STRUGGLING MASTER FROM THE ROOM. FADE)

45. INT. CLOISTERS TELEPORT STATION

(THE BUZZ OF A TELEPORT. SEBASTIAN AND THE DECAYED MASTER APPEAR)

DECAYED MASTER:

Please, I... cannot live long... like this...

SEBASTIAN:

Long enough, I would hope.

DECAYED MASTER:

What is this place?

SEBASTIAN:

Our cloisters. Come. This way...

(HE LEADS THE DECAYED MASTER INTO THE NEXT ROOM. FADE)

46. INT. CLOISTERS TRANSFER STATION

(SEBASTIAN HELPS THE DECAYED MASTER IN. A BIG MACHINE WHIRRS OFF. THE NEW MASTER IS BEING PLACED WITHIN)

SEBASTIAN:

Ah. All is nearly prepared.

DECAYED MASTER:

What have you done to him?

SEBASTIAN:

Nothing. Yet. Is... 'he'... installed correctly?

SALRON:

Very soon.

SEBASTIAN:

And we have the required biodata?

SALRON:

The scan is running, it will soon complete.

SEBASTIAN:

Good.

DECAYED MASTER:

What is that machine...?

SEBASTIAN:

A mental transference unit.

DECAYED MASTER:

I do not understand.

SEBASTIAN:

He tried to murder you. He failed. What sweet revenge it would be for you to place his mind inside your expiring body and... take over his?

DECAYED MASTER:

I could... I could do that?

SEBASTIAN:

Oh yes. Through that machine, it is simplicity itself. And your only possible means of survival.

DECAYED MASTER:

This is my last regeneration. If this body dies...

SEBASTIAN:

I know.

SALRON:

We will save you.

DECAYED MASTER:

Save me? Why would you do that?

SEBASTIAN:

Why? Because it is the right thing to do.

DECAYED MASTER:

The right thing? No. No-one would help me live through pure altruism. You have some ulterior motive..

SEBASTIAN:

Whether we do or not hardly matters. We are your only option for survival. Well?

(PAUSE)

DECAYED MASTER:

Who was he? Why did he wish to kill me?

SEBASTIAN:

Does it matter?

(PAUSE)

DECAYED MASTER:

No. It does not. (BEAT) Do it.

(FADE)

47. INT. CLOISTERS TRANSFER STATION [FEW MINUTES LATER]

(DECAYED MASTER IS BEING PLUGGED INTO THE MACHINE - METAL CLAMPS ETC)

SALRON:

There. He is ready.

DECAYED MASTER:

Will the procedure be quick? This body has little time left...

SEBASTIAN:

It shall be quick enough. We may proceed.

(HE OPERATES THE MACHINE. MORE WHIRRING ENERGY)

DECAYED MASTER:

Will it hurt?

SEBASTIAN:

Probably.

(HE SLAMS A LEVER DOWN. BIG BURST OF ENERGY, BUZZING. THE MASTERS REACT IN AGONY)

NEW MASTER/DECAYED MASTER:

Gaaaah!

SEBASTIAN:

Do not worry. All goes precisely to plan. You may feel agony now, but in time, you will never have existed at all. So it matters not.

DECAYED MASTER:

(JUST HOLDING ON, GRITTED TEETH) Never... have... existed?

SEBASTIAN:

No one will. Apart from us. The universe is sick, my friend. Soon, very soon... it shall regenerate.

(SOUNDS SPEED UP - AND WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT)

48. INT. WARSHIP (MISSILE BAY)

(FADE UP REPRISE OF 38. THE MASTERS ARE BACK IN THEIR ALTERNATIVE PERSONALITIES. THE ALERT CONTINUES IN THE BACKGROUND)

DECAYED MASTER:

[...] I return my mind to its original body. You place your mind in the Doctor's. Take it over, leaving him only one place to retreat to.

NEW MASTER:

That decaying husk.

DECAYING MASTER:

Exactly. He'll be trapped in this prison of pain for the rest of his life. Which, seeing as he's in a shrinking island of time and on a ship due to explode very shortly, won't be more than five minutes, but you can't have everything.

DOCTOR:

You can't do this.

NEW MASTER:

Oh, I think we can!

DECAYED MASTER:

Isn't it glorious? In one fell swoop we'll be rid of the Doctor, and of this disgusting lump of flesh. Rid of them both. Forever!

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

DOCTOR:

No, I mean you really can't do this. It's impossible.

DECAYED MASTER:

Don't try to bluff us, Doctor, you will fail.

NEW MASTER:

To us, nothing is impossible.

DOCTOR:

Think about it. The gaps in history. The blank pages, if you like.

DECAYED MASTER:

What about them?

NEW MASTER:

Blank pages?

DOCTOR:

Those islands of time your other self mentioned. Time is being wiped out. Patches of non-time spreading everywhere, everywhen. Throughout the universe. Like a disease.

DECAYED MASTER:

They're not important. We've flown around them before, we'll fly around them again. Just in slightly different bodies.

DOCTOR:

Oh, will you? Are you sure? Time itself is being erased. Isn't it obvious why?

NEW MASTER:

No, but I'm sure you will inform us of the answer in your usual oh so superior way.

DOCTOR:

It's you two. It's your fault.

(PAUSE)

DECAYED MASTER:

Doctor, if I was destroying the universe, I think I'd know about it, I've done it often enough.

DOCTOR:

That body, there. The later model.

NEW MASTER:

Me?

DOCTOR:

Yes. It only exists because the earlier you didn't possess it now. The earlier you, the one inside there, was left to die on Terserus, and eventually regenerated into that form. It's your future self from a timeline where this didn't happen.

DECAYED MASTER:

I suppose so.

NEW MASTER:

Go on.

DOCTOR:

So by taking over it now, you make it an impossibility. It can no longer be created. And if it can't be created, it can't be there to be taken over. You see where I'm going with this? It's sort of like killing your own grandfather. Only in reverse.

NEW MASTER:

I... see...

DOCTOR:

You're now both walking temporal anomalies. In your current forms you cannot exist, yet you do. And you know how time abhors a paradox.

DECAYED MASTER:

You think that's what's causing the time breaks?

DOCTOR:

Don't you? You want proof? You both claim to have met me recently in some of my earlier incarnations. Well, I have no memory of those meetings. Almost as if history is breaking down around those points. The points you've travelled to as you presently are.

NEW MASTER:

This is all speculation. There's no temporal theory to the effect.

DOCTOR:

Because there's no precedent for this level of madness. You're acting like a computer virus on time - a 'reality virus', if you will. Wherever you go, you infect it. The longer you stay in the wrong bodies, you're destroying all history.

DECAYED MASTER:

As long as we stay in the wrong bodies, precisely. But we have no intention of remaining in them. When we return, the effect will cease.

DOCTOR:

Ah, but you're not returning, are you? Not both of you. You want to place his mind in my head. That won't stop it. That's still not what happened in your past, I can't regenerate into this latest you. One of you will still be an impossibility, so the effect will continue.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

Do you believe him?

DECAYED MASTER:

This incarnation of the Doctor is a wily one. He could be lying.

DOCTOR:

Can you take the risk? If I'm right, and you ignore me, the universe will collapse around you. Rather a pyrrhic victory, wouldn't you say?

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

I can't return. Not to that decaying monstrosity. I can't.

DECAYED MASTER:

It need not be for long.

DOCTOR:

Far be it from me to interrupt your delicate negotiations, but might I remind you that we're on a spaceship that's crashing into a hypertunnel? And rapidly approaching a period of non-existence? You really don't have the time for detailed deliberations. You can make your choice later. For now, I have to fly us out of here.

NEW MASTER:

You? Why can't we just leave you here?

DOCTOR:

Because I don't believe your TARDIS was damaged by traversing the empty time periods.

DECAYED MASTER:

Mine?

DOCTOR:

You remember, you said you were having difficulty piloting it? I believe it's been reacting to you just like the universe has. By breaking down. If you try to fly mine, you'll hurt it just as badly.

DECAYED MASTER:

You can't know that.

DOCTOR:

Maybe not, but there's an easy way to find out. You didn't know about the gaps, did you?

NEW MASTER:

Me?

DOCTOR:

Yes. So you can't have flown through them. How's your TARDIS been working?

NEW MASTER:

It has had... some difficulties.

DOCTOR:

See? You need me.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

No. No we don't.

DOCTOR:

You... don't?

NEW MASTER:

Oh, my dear Doctor. You have miscalculated.

DECAYED MASTER:

(GETTING IT) Ah, of course, yes, that is magnificent!

DOCTOR:

I don't understand.

NEW MASTER:

I hate existing as a walking corpse, existing in that husk of a body. But I hate you more. The one thing that could persuade me to return to it... is the guarantee of your death. Contact!

DECAYED MASTER:

Contact!

DOCTOR:

No!

(BUT HE'S TOO LATE. CUT TO:)

49. INT. MINDSCAPE (CONTINUOUS)

(CONTACT SOUND EFFECT FROM THREE DOCTORS, LIGHT AT THE END, ETC.)

DECAYED MASTER:

Come now. It's time to come home.

NEW MASTER:

Yes. Yes I suppose it is.

(AND WITH A ROAR OF ENERGY, NOT UNLIKE THE ANDROZANI REGENERATION,
THEIR MINDS TRANSFER AND WITH A BANG -)

50. INT. WARSHIP (MISSILE BAY) (CONTINUOUS)

(THE MASTERS HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR ORIGINAL FORMS - 'STANDARD' PERFORMANCES FROM THIS POINT)

NEW MASTER:

Oh, yes. Yes, that's more like it. Thank you! It's good to be back.

DOCTOR:

No.

DECAYED MASTER:

Ah. This familiar cage... (REMEMBERS SOMETHING) Cage... Something about... a cage... Why do I remember that?

DOCTOR:

You can't leave me here.

NEW MASTER:

You're really not an expert on what we can and can't do, are you, Doctor? Leaving you on a warship that's going to crash into a hypertunnel and explode is very much within our remit.

DOCTOR:

But there's more to it than that! The universe is dying. History is dying. You've nowhere to run.

DECAYED MASTER:

(GASP OF REALISATION) Ah, I believe we do! The Anomaly Cage!

NEW MASTER:

The what?

DECAYED MASTER:

I saw it in your mind as a place of safety! But the details are... unclear... What is an Anomaly Cage?

NEW MASTER:

I've no idea what you're banging on about, I've never heard of an - (MEMORY RETURNING) Ah! Yes! The fog clears. The Cult! The Cult of the Heretic! Of course. A bit of contact's always good for defragging the old noggin.

DOCTOR:

The Cult of the Heretic. Oh, this just gets worse.

NEW MASTER:

For you, maybe. I'm kind of alright with it all.

DECAYED MASTER:

What is this Cult?

NEW MASTER:

I'll explain later. But I think we've uncovered who thought to betray us...

DECAYED MASTER:

It was they who sent the assassins? The Dragonhunters? The Trans-human Sisters of the Unholy Protocol?

NEW MASTER:

Yes, at a guess. I must say, I don't like it when people try to kill me. It's so terribly impolite. But, yes, I think the Anomaly Cage should prove perfectly adequate for our requirements.

(BEAT)

DECAYED MASTER:

Thank you for your assistance, Doctor, but we have no further need of your input. You will shortly die.

NEW MASTER:

But don't let that trouble you. So will everything else in recorded history. With two rather handsome exceptions.

DOCTOR:

Think about what you're doing.

NEW MASTER:

Thinking about it, perfectly fine with it. So now, old me. Shall I tell you what I did with your TARDIS? So we can scooch off out of here?

DECAYED MASTER:

Oh, no, no, I have a better idea. Why not take the Doctor's? He might find some way out of his ropes, and use his own ship to escape. He doesn't know where mine is, so if we steal his we eliminate his only opportunity for egress.

NEW MASTER:

Ooh. I like the way you think. So ruthless. So vengeful. So... me. His ship it is, then.

DOCTOR:

Jemima will stop you.

NEW MASTER:

Really? She might struggle to do that when she's dead.

DOCTOR:

You killed her?

NEW MASTER:

I think so. They all blend into one after a while.

DECAYED MASTER:

You killed his companion? Oh, I've always wanted to do that.

NEW MASTER:

I've a feeling she was new, I'm not sure she counts.

DOCTOR:

There was no need to kill her!

NEW MASTER:

Oh, need, need, need. That's your answer every time, isn't it? 'You didn't need to do that'. What an inane response. Well, of course I didn't need to do it, you cretin, I never need to do it. If I needed to do it, it wouldn't be fun.

DECAYED MASTER:

I have no need to kill you either, Doctor. But that will not stop me. Goodbye. You will not be missed.

NEW MASTER:

Love to all my victims.

(THEY CROSS TO THE TARDIS. PAUSE. NOTHING HAPPENS)

DECAYED MASTER:

Where's the key?

NEW MASTER:

What key?

DECAYED MASTER:

His key.

NEW MASTER:

His key, you had it last, didn't you?

DECAYED MASTER:

No, you did.

NEW MASTER:

I rather think not. You hid it, remember, I recall you saying exactly that.

DECAYED MASTER:

No, you hid it when you were possessing my body. You heard my voice, but it was you saying it.

NEW MASTER:

I - actually, you may be right.

DOCTOR:

Gosh, this is all needlessly complicated, isn't it?

NEW MASTER:

In that incarnation, you can talk. - Oh, of course! That's where I put it!

(HE HOOKS IT OUT OF THE DOCTOR'S POCKET)

DECAYED MASTER:

You left it in the Doctor's pocket?

NEW MASTER:

Don't overthink things.

DOCTOR:

Are you quite finished?

NEW MASTER:

Goodbye, Doctor.

DECAYED MASTER:

Goodbye.

(THEY ENTER THE TARDIS. IT DEMATERIALISES. AFTER A SECOND THE DOCTOR STARTS STRUGGLING AGAINST THE ROPES)

DOCTOR:

Well, they were correct about me escaping my bonds. You don't hang around Houdini without learning...

(HE SHRUGS THEM OFF)

... the ropes. Ah. How disappointing. A clever bit of wordplay and no-one to hear it. Wasted.

ALARM:

Vessel will impact with hypertunnel in one minute. This is your last chance to evacuate.

DOCTOR:

One minute? Yes, might need to deal with that. If I don't want to be exploded.

(HE CROSSES TO A CONTROL BANK. TAPS CONTROLS)

If I can adjust the navigation settings, I -

(HE PAUSES)

But... it's a warzone out there. Millions died fighting to control that hypertunnel... If I let this ship crash and destroy it... the battle ends. They're all saved. If I die... they live...

ALERT:

Vessel will impact in thirty seconds.

DOCTOR:

Right. Well, this is a tight spot.

(THE ALARMS BLARE)

51. INT. JARVILL SHIP

(ALL IS FRANTIC ON THE BRIDGE. BARON JARVILL IS SHOUTING DOWN A COMMUNICATOR)

BARON:

Malgrove! Malgrove, come in! This is Baron Jarvill! What are you doing, man?!

GORLAN:

No response from the enemy ship, Baron. It will strike the hypertunnel in three... two... one...

(THERE IS A DEVASTATING EXPLOSION ON THE SCREEN)

Sir. Both the ship and the Hypertunnel have been completely obliterated.

(CLOSING THEME)

PART FOUR

(OPENING THEME)

52. INT. CLOISTERS TRANSFER ROOM

(FLASHBACK. WITH A BLAZE OF ANDROZANI-LIKE REGENERATION ENERGY, THE NEW MASTER SNAPS AWAKE - THE DECAYED MASTER'S MIND NOW WITHIN)

NEW MASTER:
(GASP OF WAKING)

SEBASTIAN:
Well?

NEW MASTER:
New hands. New eyes. New... everything. No pain! How... wondrous!

SEBASTIAN:
Excellent. It appears the transfer was successful.

SALRON:
Excellent. All praise the Heretic!

NEW MASTER:
I... Where am I?

SEBASTIAN:
Our home. There will be some initial disorientation. Do not worry, it will soon pass.

NEW MASTER:
I remember the pain... but before that... (BEAT) I was attacked. Ruined. Destroyed!

SEBASTIAN:
Calm! Calm! It is over now.

NEW MASTER:
I... I... Yes. I yet live...

SEBASTIAN:
Very much so. See what remains of your former existence.

(BEAT)

NEW MASTER:
Is that what I was? That creature there? That was me?

SEBASTIAN:
It is what you became.

NEW MASTER:

To think I was left in that. Trapped in that horror. If you had not saved me... And he lives in there now? The one who attacked me? This is his body I inhabit?

SEBASTIAN:

It is.

NEW MASTER:

How apt. The punishment fits the crime. (BEAT) Let him not live there long. Destroy that travesty.

SEBASTIAN:

Oh, we intend to.

NEW MASTER:

Incinerate it as he incinerated me.

SEBASTIAN:

With pleasure. Do not trouble yourself. Come. There is no need to look upon him further. This way.

NEW MASTER:

Where do you take me?

SEBASTIAN:

You will see. Brother Salron! - Prepare the other.

SALRON:

I shall, Father.

(SEBASTIAN LEADS THE NEW MASTER FROM THE ROOM, INTO:)

53. INT. CLOISTERS CORRIDOR (CONTINUOUS)

(SEBASTIAN LEADS THE NEW MASTER ALONG)

NEW MASTER:

Well? I know you have saved me for some reason, now would be an opportune moment to reveal it.

SEBASTIAN:

So untrusting. Through here.

(THEY EXIT INTO A NEW ROOM)

54. INT. CLOISTERS ANTE-ROOM (CONTINUOUS)

(SEBASTIAN LEADS THE NEW MASTER IN)

SEBASTIAN:

Here we are.

NEW MASTER:

My TARDIS!

SEBASTIAN:

In a manner of speaking, yes. It is certainly yours now...

NEW MASTER:

I do not understand.

SEBASTIAN:

It matters not if you do. Please. Take it. You may depart.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

No. This is a ruse. A stratagem. No-one would help me without reason.

SEBASTIAN:

We are a religious order. We seek the good of all.

NEW MASTER:

And yet you are willing to eliminate my attacker?

SEBASTIAN:

There is no good in him. That is why we saved you! It is his obliteration we seek.

NEW MASTER:

I see. And you wish nothing from me? No boon, no promise?

SEBASTIAN:

Nothing.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

Very well. I shall take you at your word. But be warned. If this is some trick... I promise I will destroy you.

SEBASTIAN:

I would expect nothing less.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

Goodbye. We shall not meet again.

(HE CLIMBS INTO THE TARDIS. AS IT STARTS DEMATERIALISING -)

SEBASTIAN:

That much is certainly true.

(SEBASTIAN EXITS AS THE DEMATERIALISATION FINISHES)

55. INT. CLOISTERS TRANSFER ROOM

(SALRON IS UNCLAMPING A WAKING DECAYED MASTER - NOW WITH THE NEW MASTER'S MIND WITHIN - FROM THE TRANSFERENCE MACHINE. SEBASTIAN ENTERS)

DECAYED MASTER:

I... I... What...?

SALRON:

This one is coming round, Father. He, too. is disorientated. He has no memory of us...

SEBASTIAN:

That is to be expected. That brain is broken. His healthier mind will not work well within it. The other has departed. Soon the limitation effect will weave its magic on him too, cloud his mind. He will not remember us. He will spread his disease throughout history. When it unravels, we shall be ready.

SALRON:

And this one?

SEBASTIAN:

Must be destroyed. Kill him and the anomaly becomes unbreakable. The effect will be compounded. With his own weapon, perhaps? The irony would be... amusing. Where is it...?

(HE SEARCHES THE DECAYED MASTER'S CLOTHES. BUT THE DECAYED MASTER WAKES AND GRABS HIM)

Agh! Let go!

DECAYED MASTER:

Who are you? Why do you cause me pain?

SALRON:

Release him!

SEBASTIAN:

Agh! My hand!

DECAYED MASTER:

What's that? Is my grip a little too (EFFORT) tight?

(AND WITH A CRUNCH, HE BREAKS SEBASTIAN'S HAND)

SEBASTIAN:

(SCREAMS IN AGONY)

SALRON:

Father!!!

DECAYED MASTER:

Keep back! If you wish to remain alive.

(HE DRAWS HIS TCE)

SALRON:

Don't shoot.

DECAYED MASTER:

Why not? I don't know who you are, what you want. I care nothing for you. Your lives are meaningless. Only as potential victims can you please me. I would enjoy watching you die.

SEBASTIAN:

(PAINED) No. You don't understand. (LYING) We tried to stop him!

DECAYED MASTER:

Who?

SEBASTIAN:

Your other self. You recall?

DECAYED MASTER:

This means nothing to me.

SEBASTIAN:

You tried to rescue your earlier self. On Terserus. But the pain drove him mad. He seized your body as a chance to escape. Left you in that wrecked form.

DECAYED MASTER:

I... Yes. This sounds in some way... familiar...

SEBASTIAN:

We could not prevent it. We teleported you here, but -

DECAYED MASTER:

Teleport, yes. I recall that. Through... there...

SEBASTIAN:

Let us live, we would assist you!

DECAYED MASTER:

No! I need no help. I am the Master! There's a clue in the name. I will fix this myself!

(HE RUNS FROM THE ROOM)

SALRON:

He'll be heading for the teleport!

SEBASTIAN:

I know! (THEY BOTH RUN OUT AFTER HIM. FADE)

52. INT. CLOISTERS TELEPORT ROOM [MOMENTS LATER]

(FADE UP. LAST FEW MOMENTS OF A TELEPORT EFFECT AS SEBASTIAN AND SALRON RUN IN)

SALRON:

Too late. We've lost him! He'll go back to his old TARDIS! He'll escape!

(PAUSE)

SEBASTIAN:

(EVIL LAUGH)

SALRON:

Father? Is something wrong? You seem... amused... We were to kill him! To make the anomaly unbreakable!

SEBASTIAN:

Of course I am. He cannot travel far as he is now. He is weak. The universe is not short of bounty hunters... and the Cult needs its riches no longer.

SALRON:

But if he escapes... If he survives...

SEBASTIAN:

If he does, what can he do? We have nothing to fear. Together the Two Masters are soon to destroy eternity. We will never see them again.

(AS IN 47, THE SOUNDS SPEED UP AND WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT)

53. INT. TARDIS

(THE TWO MASTERS IN THE DOCTOR'S TARDIS, OPERATING THE CONTROLS AS IT FLIES. THE CLOISTER BELLS TOLLS. ALARMS RING. THE SHIP JUDDERS)

NEW MASTER:

Adjust this... compensate for that...

DECAYED MASTER:

Shall I drive?

NEW MASTER:

No, you don't know where we're going.

DECAYED MASTER:

It's hardly a smooth ride.

NEW MASTER:

That's not my fault. It's the gaps in time. These readings suggest they're increasing in number. Spreading. There's precious little of history left.

DECAYED MASTER:

Even though we have returned to our original bodies.

NEW MASTER:

Seemingly so. I suppose once the sickness enters and multiplies, it hardly matters if the original germ is neutralised. We infected the universe and now the illness spreads.

DECAYED MASTER:

And you believe this all to be the work of the... 'Cult of the Heretic'?

NEW MASTER:

Oh, undoubtedly. It fits their objectives to a T.

DECAYED MASTER:

You said you would explain who they were.

NEW MASTER:

Yes, yes, of course I did. Sorry, forgot. The Heretic was one of our kind, you see. Back in the day. He was executed. Or sent to Shada. I'm not entirely sure which, the records on the subject aren't exactly comprehensive. But the important thing is that he didn't wholly subscribe to the traditional orthodoxy of our people.

DECAYED MASTER:

That much would seem apparent from the name.

NEW MASTER:

Yes. Good point. Although it didn't seem that way initially. He didn't head out into the universe to start mucking about with it like you, me, the Doctor, and everyone. No, he sat at home, like a good little Gallifreyan and observed. And it was what he observed that was the problem.

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes?

NEW MASTER:

He saw a universe that was sick. Spoilt and ruined by its own inhabitants, mortally wounded. There was no good in it, only evil.

DECAYED MASTER:

They say that of me too.

NEW MASTER:

He saw violence, anger, war and death, everywhere he looked. An eternity gone wrong. It revolted him. And he resolved to put it right.

DECAYED MASTER:

How?

NEW MASTER:

The only way a Time Lord would think to cure the mortally wounded. Regeneration.

DECAYED MASTER:

He wanted to regenerate the universe?

NEW MASTER:

In a nutshell, yes. Destroy it all and replace it with something better of his own devising.

DECAYED MASTER:

Even I have not had the audacity to attempt the destruction of everything.

NEW MASTER:

Well, you've got to have ambitions, haven't you? But actually, it wasn't quite everything. As he and his followers considered themselves the only healthy beings in the cosmos, he decreed their right to survive.

DECAYED MASTER:

Through using this Anomaly Cage.

NEW MASTER:

Exactly. You're very smart, I could grow to like you.

DECAYED MASTER:

Get on with it.

NEW MASTER:

Although you can go off people. (BEAT) The Cage protects you from the manipulation of time. It rewrites it around you, shapes it to fit. Destroy your own history and you remain unaffected. Paradoxes drift past like a summer breeze.

DECAYED MASTER:

So it is what you would use to survive disrupting your own past by, to pick an example at random, murdering an earlier iteration of yourself?

NEW MASTER:

You're not still angry about that, are you? Oh come on, you're alive. That makes it attempted murder at worst, get it right.

DECAYED MASTER:

Attempted murder? Merely attempted? You expect me to revel in your incompetence? I would not have attempted, I would have succeeded.

NEW MASTER:

Whatever happened to forgive and forget?

DECAYED MASTER:

You tried to kill me. Condemned me to exist as a living curse. If you were anyone else I would not be standing here talking to you, you would be dead.

NEW MASTER:

And that's precisely the point. I'm you and you're me and we're both still here. That's why I picked Terserus. Because I knew you survived it, it's what happened to me! In my past. The Cult would think I was doing their bidding, but in reality I was just leaving things the way they always were.

DECAYED MASTER:

Really? Do you expect applause for this piece of cunning? Appreciation?

NEW MASTER:

I expect gratitude. If someone was going to leave you like that, wouldn't you rather it was me that was responsible, instead of the Doctor? Or some random chap off the street?

DECAYED MASTER:

I would rather pain did not course through my every nerve at even the slightest movement.

NEW MASTER:

You're not going to let this one go, are you? Shall we just say the Cult fogged my mind or something and forget about it?

DECAYED MASTER:

No.

NEW MASTER:

Excellent. Where were we? Ah, yes. The Cage. The Heretic had only got as far as the design stage when the Time Lords caught up with him. He'd swanned off into the great wide yonder to found his religion, you see. Gathering followers from myriad races. Had it been built, all he'd require was a catalyst to initiate the collapse of the universe, then some of his own Time Lord biodata to trigger its regeneration. The latter proved tricky when he was killed, obviously.

DECAYED MASTER:

So we provided a replacement?

NEW MASTER:

I can't imagine they wouldn't have stolen the biodata from one of us when we were in their power. And our temporal displacement provided the infection they required as the catalyst. We were the computer virus that disrupts the system before they reboot it.

DECAYED MASTER:

We gave them everything.

NEW MASTER:

And they left us to die. Yes, it's the ingratitude that hurts the most. Fortunately, revenge isn't far behind them.

(THE TARDIS JUDDERS)

DECAYED MASTER:

I hope not. I do not believe the Doctor's ship is built for much more of this. We cannot traverse the no-time endlessly. We will eventually be destroyed.

NEW MASTER:

Oh, I don't doubt it, but I'm not merely hoping our vengeance is close. I'm speaking from a point of certainty. You see -

(HE TAPS MORE CONTROLS THEN STEPS AWAY WITH A FLOURISH)

I've found the Cage.

54. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (MAIN ROOM)

(SEBASTIAN ADDRESSING THE CULTISTS. A REASONABLY SIZED ROOM IN A SPACESHIP TYPE ENVIRONMENT, SOME LIGHT TECHNOLOGY ACTIVE. MONITORS HUM, READOUTS BEEP)

SEBASTIAN:

This is a wondrous day. The day we have prepared for for many years. The day of regeneration. All praise the Heretic!

CULTISTS:

All praise the Heretic!

SEBASTIAN:

Our catalyst has triggered the obliteration of time. It is only we who will survive. It shall be our great task to remake the universe. Build it anew. And build it better.

CULTISTS:

All praise the Heretic!

55. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (ENVIRONMENT)

(COMPUTERS TICKING OVER. THE TARDIS MATERIALISES. THE MASTERS EXIT, CLOSING DOOR BEHIND)

NEW MASTER:

This place was remarkably easy to locate, of course. They've built a craft to withstand the obliteration of the universe. So, when history itself is vanishing, you simply scan the dead sections of time and voila. The Cage will be hidden in the real universe, but in the gaps it'll be the only thing you can find. Clever, eh?

DECAYED MASTER:

Yes, you're very ingenious.

NEW MASTER:

You can't wait to be me, can you?

DECAYED MASTER:

Their domain is... bigger than I expected.

NEW MASTER:

They only call it a Cage. It doesn't have bars. It's sort of a space-time craft. Only it flies through paradoxes rather than the vortex.

DECAYED MASTER:

I see. So our intentions now are to kill the entire Cult as painfully as possible and take this ship over? Then reboot the universe in our own image?

NEW MASTER:

You know, that's exactly what I was thinking. Those very words. We're incredibly simpatico.

DECAYED MASTER:

So if that is our intent, we should proceed with alacrity, yes? These appear to be environment controls... if you're correct that the Cult consists of multiple species, the atmosphere here must be carefully balanced and controlled. If we interfere with the air supply...

NEW MASTER:

Ooh. Yes. Now that's my kind of plan!

56. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (MAIN ROOM)

SEBASTIAN:

Through carefully managed application of the catalyst's biological data we can shape our new creation in any way we desire. The choices are, literally, infinite.

(A PANEL BEEPS)

SALRON:

Father. Sensors register a forcefield breach.

CULTISTS:

(GENERAL CONSTERNATION)

SEBASTIAN:

Calm, calm. This is easily solved.

SALRON:

But if the shields fail, there'll be nothing to protect us from the temporal erosion.

SEBASTIAN:

Such a breach is impossible. There is nothing outside to invade us. This is a glitch in the system, nothing more.

CULTISTS:

(CALMED)

SEBASTIAN:

Where is this so called breach?

SALRON:

The second storeroom.

SEBASTIAN:

Then kindly investigate the issue, Salron. And repair it.

SALRON:

I obey.

(HE EXITS)

SEBASTIAN:

There must be no mistakes.

57. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (STOREROOM)

(THE MASTERS ARE OPERATING COMPUTER CONTROLS. CULTIST IS APPROACHING OUTSIDE)

NEW MASTER:

Now, if we attach the extraction lines to the -

DECAYED MASTER:

Wait.

(THEY HALT)

Someone approaches.

NEW MASTER:

Excellent. I think we know what to do about them, don't we?

DECAYED MASTER:

I look forward to it.

(CULTIST ENTERS)

NEW MASTER:

Hello there!

SALRON:

You?

NEW MASTER:

Yes, us! Good to see you again. Brother Salron, isn't it? Are you still one of that 'Cult of the Heretic' mob? Wanting to regenerate the entire universe? Such an insane scheme. Maybe you need to see -

(THE DECAYED MASTER SHOOTS CULTIST 2, SHRINKING HIM DOWN)

SALRON:

Aaaagh!

NEW MASTER:

Why did you do that? I was in the middle of a bit!

DECAYED MASTER:

You were wasting time. There is no need for prattle.

(THE DECAYED MASTER RETURNS TO HIS WORK)

NEW MASTER:

I wasn't prattling, I was building to something.

DECAYED MASTER:

He needed to die. He might have alerted the others.

NEW MASTER:

'Maybe you need to see a shrink'! That's what I was going to say.

(SILENCE)

Because it would have been quite amusing. You know. With 'shrink' being slang for a psychiatrist? And because I was going to 'shrink' him? It would have been, sort of... a pun. You understand?

(PAUSE)

DECAYED MASTER:

Are you finished?

NEW MASTER:

With this audience, certainly.

DECAYED MASTER:

Then get on with it. I desire their deaths to be as painful as possible.

NEW MASTER:

(BITTERLY) Yes, sir.

(THEY CONTINUE THEIR WORK)

58. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (MAIN ROOM)

(SEBASTIAN OPERATES CONTROLS. A READOUT BEEPS)

SEBASTIAN:

There, my brethren. It is done. All history... has been erased. Praise be the Heretic!

CULTISTS:

Praise be the Heretic!

SEBASTIAN:

It is time for his dream to become a reality. It is now but the simple matter of generating a replacement. Converting the Time Lord's regeneration energies and starting everything anew. Making it all... better.

CULTISTS:

(BEGINNING TO COUGH AND SPLUTTER)

SEBASTIAN:

We must choose the new existence carefully. We will be its creators, we will be as gods. We should tread carefully with that responsibility. Be benevolent rulers in his name. All hail the Heretic!

CULTISTS:

(CHOKING) All... hail... Gah! Air!

SEBASTIAN:

My... brethren... what... ails you? (COUGHS) What...

CULTISTS:

(CHOKING AND EXPIRING EVERYWHERE)

SEBASTIAN:

(STRUGGLING TO SPEAK) What treachery is this? Who has... betrayed us...?

(SEBASTIAN DROPS TO THE FLOOR AS THE MASTERS ENTER THE ROOM)

NEW MASTER:

As if you need to ask.

SEBASTIAN:

(WEAK) No...

DECAYED MASTER:

All dead. All bar him...

NEW MASTER:

Yes. I went for a slightly unusual mix to air. Fatal to everyone except him. Humans aren't killed, they're just left incapacitated. I didn't want it to be quick. I want him to see his murderers. Understand his error of judgement.

DECAYED MASTER:

Ah, I see. That is the price he must pay for his treachery. He must... suffer. I am glad. (TO SEBASTIAN) Hello. I believe I made you a promise...

SEBASTIAN:

You... two...

NEW MASTER:

Yes! Me! Us! Fancy seeing you here, Sebastian! Isn't it a -

(THE DECAYED MASTER SHOOTS SEBASTIAN, SHRINKING HIM)

SEBASTIAN:

Aaargh!

NEW MASTER:

Oh come on! Can you allow me to say at least one?

DECAYED MASTER:

Let me guess. 'Fancy seeing you here. Isn't it a small world'.

(BEAT)

NEW MASTER:

No, that wasn't it.

DECAYED MASTER:

What was it then?

(SILENCE)

Honestly, why do you persist with this witless juvenilia? Or do you truly believe the death agonies they feel when their bodies are crushed down to Lilliputian size are as nothing unless they are also forced to listen to an inane play on words?

NEW MASTER:

I find it amusing.

DECAYED MASTER:

I do not kill to amuse myself. I kill for power.

NEW MASTER:

Kill joy more like. You know, you used to be fun. Back when it was all pointy beards and nehru jackets. Whatever happened to that?

DECAYED MASTER:

You happened.

NEW MASTER:

Am I really going to be stuck ruling a new universe with you? Out of all my other incarnations, this is the version I end up with? Couldn't I have had Mister Velveteen, or the snake?

DECAYED MASTER:

You picked me. This regeneration. You picked me. This was not my choice.

NEW MASTER:

Well, just try to enjoy yourself, can't you? Find some pleasure in your work. This is all we've ever wanted, isn't it? Through this mental interface we design our new universe. Throw this lever and the regeneration energies force it into being. All history. At our fingertips. If you can't smile at that when can you?

DECAYED MASTER:

It is... that simple?

NEW MASTER:

The Heretic knew his stuff. Think about it. Every single life. Ours to control. We are the Masters... and they will obey us!

DECAYED MASTER:

I suppose it is... good.

NEW MASTER:

It's not good, it's magnificent! Every one else, ever... dead! An entire new universe ready to be born under our rule! An eternity to command. And best of all - no Doctor!

(SOMEWHERE OFF, A TARDIS IS MATERIALISING)

DECAYED MASTER:

What - is - that?

NEW MASTER:

Oh, you have got to be kidding me.

(THEY RUN FROM THE ROOM. FADE)

59. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (STOREROOM) (CONTINUOUS)

(THE SECOND TARDIS IS MATERIALISING AS THE MASTERS RUN IN)

DECAYED MASTER:

No! Another TARDIS!

NEW MASTER:

Yes. I think it might be mine.

(THE DOCTOR EMERGES FROM IT)

DOCTOR:

Hello boys. Did you miss me?

DECAYED MASTER:

Doctor!

NEW MASTER:

How did you find us?

DECAYED MASTER:

How did you get here?

DOCTOR:

Oh, it was simplicity itself. You were heading for something that could survive the erasure of history. So once history had been erased, your location would be pretty easy to ascertain.

NEW MASTER:

Of course.

DECAYED MASTER:

Much the same technique as we used.

NEW MASTER:

But the spaceship! It was crashing into the Hypertunnel! You could never have found my TARDIS quickly enough.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I didn't need to. I was in the missile bay, remember? I merely hopped inside one missile and shot myself into space, out of range of the explosion.

NEW MASTER:

Ah. I see.

DOCTOR:

When the Gorlan ship was destroyed, your TARDIS was one of the few items to remain unscathed. As the missiles were energy seeking, and TARDISES use a lot of energy -

NEW MASTER:

You would have flown straight to it.

DOCTOR:

Correct.

DOCTOR:

And since you'd very helpfully left me a portable force-field generator -

DECAYED MASTER:

You did what?

NEW MASTER:

No! Yes. Well, maybe I did, but there was no harm in it! I couldn't see the thing being of any use to him, it was almost out of power.

DOCTOR:

Fortunately it still retained enough to enable me to reach your ship. Which was damaged from having you fly it so breaking in was an easy job. I simply had to use my own key, the lock wasn't in great shape.

NEW MASTER:

Very clever.

DECAYED MASTER:

Ingenious.

DOCTOR:

Thank you.

DECAYED MASTER:

But it is the last moment of ingenuity you will ever display. Anything you wish to say before the execution?

DOCTOR:

Well, I -

DECAYED MASTER:

Not you. Me.

NEW MASTER:

Really?

DECAYED MASTER:

In this particular case I am willing to make an exception.

NEW MASTER:

Why thank you. Most kind. Doctor. You are, quite literally, no fun any more. Your life expectancy is extremely short.

NEW MASTER/DECAYED MASTER:

Goodbye, Doctor!!!

(THEY BOTH SHOOT HIM WITH THEIR TCES. BUT THE BLASTS BOUNCE OF AN

ENERGY FIELD)

NEW MASTER:

What on - ?

DECAYED MASTER:

Why is he not - ?

DOCTOR:

Oh, did I not say? Your adaptation of the TARDIS forcefields clued me in on how to make my own portable version. The original might have run out of juice... but the one from this TARDIS, your other TARDIS, has no such trouble.

DECAYED MASTER:

You're the gift that keeps on giving, aren't you?

NEW MASTER:

I could hardly have expected that.

DOCTOR:

Trouble in paradise? Stands to reason I suppose... What's through here...

(HE BRUSHES PAST THEM)

60. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (MAIN ROOM) (CONTINUOUS)

(THE MASTERS FOLLOW THE DOCTOR IN)

DOCTOR:

The assembled Cult of the Heretic, I presume. All dead. Will no amount of bodies ever satisfy your hunger for destruction?

NEW MASTER:

Oh, I think our current tally of 'everyone in history who ever lived' is probably sufficient.

DECAYED MASTER:

Not quite everyone. The Doctor remains a glaring admission in our list of victims. But that forcefield cannot last long. Soon it will decay.

NEW MASTER:

So all we need do is wait. Then we can complete the set.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure you're very patient. And with history dead, you've a lot of time to fill...

NEW MASTER:

Oh, my dear Doctor, history isn't dead. It's merely resting..

DOCTOR:

Before being restored in whatever way you desire. Is this the equipment designed to program the regeneration?

DECAYED MASTER:

Step away from those controls.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I wouldn't worry. That's the problem with this forcefield. I can't actually touch anything.

NEW MASTER:

So you can't interfere?

DOCTOR:

No.

NEW MASTER:

Ha! Oh, this is delightful! And the moment the forcefield drops, we kill you.

DECAYED MASTER:

You survived the explosion merely to join us here and experience a more personal form of death.

NEW MASTER:

Glorious!

DOCTOR:

Well. The rest of time was destroyed. Where else was I going to go? (HE WALKS AROUND) I'll say one thing for the Cult, they knew their stuff.

DECAYED MASTER:

You were already aware of them, weren't you?

DOCTOR:

I helped stopped the Heretic himself. Many years ago. Or last week. One or the other. I'm not really sure. I thought the rest of the Cult had been neutralised.

NEW MASTER:

Well, they have been now, yes.

DOCTOR:

Am I to understand that the pair of you plan to restore history in your own image?

DECAYED MASTER:

Correct.

NEW MASTER:

We haven't quite finessed the precise details yet, but yes, that's the basic idea.

DOCTOR:

And which one of you will be in charge?

DECAYED MASTER/NEW MASTER:

Me. (THEN MORE INSISTENT, TO EACH OTHER) Me!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I thought this might happen. That's the trouble with meeting your others selves. You don't always get on. Trust someone who knows.

DECAYED MASTER:

Mere teething troubles. We shall rule in harmony.

NEW MASTER:

We shall rule together!

DOCTOR:

Really? Are you certain of that? There can be only one Master, surely? By definition. There's a clue in the name.

NEW MASTER:

I see what you're doing, Doctor.

DECAYED MASTER:

You are trying to sow discord between us. You will fail.

DOCTOR:

I'm just stating the facts. If the pair of you reboot the universe and take charge together, well... you'll just confuse your new subjects. No man can be the servant of two masters, no matter what Goldoni might think.

NEW MASTER:

They will learn.

DOCTOR:

And can you really submit to the will of the other? You have very different personalities. I'm sure you'll disagree on matters of importance. Who gets final say? With only two of you there is no casting vote.

DECAYED MASTER:

You think I would argue with my own self?

DOCTOR:

I suspect you already have.

(PAUSE)

NEW MASTER:

You know, he's sort of got a point.

DECAYED MASTER:

He might be correct, to a degree.

NEW MASTER:

Yes. Maybe it'd be best if you stuck to the... administrative side. Kept to the shadows.

DECAYED MASTER:

Me? Whilst you rule, I suppose?

NEW MASTER:

Well naturally, you've not got the face for politics...

(THE DOCTOR PUTS IN SOME EARPLUGS AND QUIETLY TAKES OUT THE BOX FROM PART TWO. HE STARTS PROGRAMMING IT - VERY QUIET TAPPING)

DECAYED MASTER:

I would strike fear into the hearts of our subjects. The universe will hardly quake in terror at the commands of a low ranking civil servant like you.

NEW MASTER:

Oh come on, this is what leaders look like these days. You, that face, you're completely unelectable.

DECAYED MASTER:

With the anomaly cage in operation, I will be able to absorb a new form. A new face. I need never become you.

NEW MASTER:

Now, that's just spiteful -

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE BOX. A TONE RINGS OUT, SIMILAR TO THAT USED TO DESTROY THE GORLANS IN EPISODE TWO)

DECAYED MASTER/NEW MASTER:

(IN PAIN)

NEW MASTER:

(AGONISED) What is -

DOCTOR:

I might not be able to emerge from the forcefield. But I'll tell you one thing that can leave it. Sound waves. Obviously.

DECAYED MASTER:

(AGONISED) That... box...

DOCTOR:

Yes, it's the one you gave me to destroy the Gorlans, remember? Or was it you? I've lost track... Anyway, I figured out how to operate it.

NEW MASTER:

(AGONISED) You let him keep that? You witless imbecile!

DECAYED MASTER:

I haven't forgotten the forcefield.

DECAYED MASTER/NEW MASTER:

(CONTINUE GROANING UNDER)

DOCTOR:

Oh, yes, the forcefield, of course.

(HE SWITCHES THE FORCEFIELD OFF)

With you incapacitated temporarily, I don't think I need it any more. Yes, it was an easy job to adjust the settings of this thing. So it would hurt you two rather than kill Gorlans.

DECAYED MASTER:

But not you?

DOCTOR:

Oh, no. I put some earplugs in just now. I'm very good at lip-reading. That should be enough... (HE SWITCHES IT OFF)

NEW MASTER:

You - are - infuriating...

DOCTOR:

Aren't I? It seems both of you have sown the seeds of your own defeat. I've used your own murder devices against you. You are, quite literally, your own worst enemy...

DECAYED MASTER:

I will destroy you!

DOCTOR:

Maybe tomorrow, eh? Now... these controls. A mental interface, eh? Seems simple enough...

(HE STARTS TAPPING THE CONSOLE)

Yes. Throw this lever, and I get to remake the universe any way I want. Oh, the power. So many options -

NEW MASTER:

(PAINED) That should have been us!

DOCTOR:

But it's not. If you two were like a computer virus, infecting the system... a reboot isn't the only option. Why not just switch it off and on again? Restart everything exactly as it was?

DECAYED MASTER:

No - you cannot waste this opportunity!

DOCTOR:

I don't think it's a waste. The Heretic thought the universe was sick. Maybe it was. But that just means it needs a Doctor.

(HE THROWS THE LEVER)

NEW MASTER/DECAYED MASTER:

No!!!!!!

61. EXT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (CONTINUOUS)

(IN THE EMPTINESS OF NO-TIME, REGENERATION ENERGY BLAZES OUT, FIRING EVERYWHERE, SOMETHING BETWEEN A TRIUMPHANT ORGAN CHORD AND A MASSIVE LIGHT BLAZING INTO LIGHT. THE WHOLE OF HISTORY SHOOTS OUT. ETERNITY IS BEING RECREATED AS WE LISTEN)

62. INT. THE ANOMALY CAGE (MAIN ROOM) (CONTINUOUS)

DOCTOR:

And done.

(THE MASTERS ARE RECOVERING)

DECAYED MASTER:

It is all... back...

DOCTOR:

Precisely. The gaps all repaired. History returned. Everything just as it was before the Cult started interfering.

NEW MASTER:

You fool! You could have had anything! Fixed it in any way you desired! Eradicated the Daleks! Removed the Cybermen! Saved the Gorlans, saved Jemima!

DOCTOR:

If I play God I become you. And I really wouldn't want to do that.

(THE MASTERS ARE RECOVERED - BUT THEY'RE FADING AWAY)

DECAYED MASTER:

(FADING) Then I hope you are happy in yourself! Because it shall be your last action! You have no forcefield now!

NEW MASTER:

(FADING) Do you truly think you'll have time to use that box again?

DOCTOR:

No, but I won't need to. I dealt with you two, also.

DECAYED MASTER:

(FADING) What say you, I - ? No! What is happening!

NEW MASTER:

(FADING) I can't see you - you're fading away!

DOCTOR:

Not just him! I was able to reprogram the universe in any way I wanted. That includes in here. That includes both of you.

DECAYED MASTER:

(FADING) What have you done?

DOCTOR:

Oh, don't worry. I've been kind. Far kinder than you deserve. I'm returning you to your original times and places. You to Terserus with a restored TARDIS, and you to - well, wherever it is you came from. It all still happened. But you won't remember a thing about this. So you needn't be embarrassed next time we chat.

(THE MASTERS ARE ALMOST GONE NOW)

DECAYED MASTER:

(FADING) No - no! You cannot send me back there!

NEW MASTER:

(FADING) We will meet again Doctor! And I will destroy you!

DOCTOR:

Of course you will!

DECAYED MASTER/NEW MASTER:

(FADING) Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Goodbye!

DECAYED MASTER:

(FADING) This is all your fault, you cretinous ingrate!

NEW MASTER:

(FADING) Mine? If I could kill you for real I would!

(THEY'VE GONE. PAUSE)

DOCTOR:

And gone. Well, that was easy.

(HE OPERATES SOME CONTROLS)

TANNOY:

Self-destruct initiated. Anomaly cage will be destroyed in twenty, nineteen, eighteen... [ETC, TO ONE AND ZERO].

DOCTOR:

Yes. Can't let anyone else have this thing. Too much power. (BEAT) Although...

(HE TAPS THE CONTROLS AGAIN)

One small change couldn't hurt. Hmm.

(HE SLAMS THE LEVER AD EXITS. AFTER A FEW SECONDS, THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES, OFF. THE COUNTDOWN REACHES ZERO... AND THE CAGE EXPLODES.

BUT ABRUPTLY, CUTTING INTO THE EXPLOSION BEFORE IT EVEN REALLY HAPPENS -)

63. INT. FUTURISTIC BEDROOM

(A FUTURISTIC ALARM CLOCK RINGING. JEMIMA WAKES UP WITH A START. BREATHES HEAVILY)

JEMIMA:

I - I - Where am I?

MUM:

(OFF, CALLING OUT) Jemima? Jemima, you up yet?

JEMIMA:

I... (FOCUSING. SHE SWITCHES OFF THE CLOCK) I'm alright, mum. I'll be down, I won't be long... Just... had a weird dream, that's all...

(PAUSE)

What was -

(PAUSE. SHE STARTS GETTING OUT OF BED)

Nah. It's not important. (CALLS OUT) I'm coming down, mum. What's for breakfast?

(CLOSING THEME)